The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 164. WEEK ENDING DEC. 23RD, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

For evening dress suits see McKinley's advertisement, page 439.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight waterproof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price, 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Special Xmas Offer. Gent.'s guinea Waterproofed Fishing Boots, brown or black, sent direct from factory for P.O. 12s. 10d. Every pair waterproofed uppers and soles, by special process, stitched, heavy double soles, unbeatable for fishing, golfing, or general winter wear. Pair gent.'s warm lined slippers, value 4s. 6d., given *free* to every purchaser. Customer writes: "Delighted with last pair. P.O. enclosed for another pair." Catalogue free.—Leslie and Co., 29, St. Leonards Road, Leicester.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

Gentlemen requiring genuine racing information, from one stable only, on mutual terms (pay after result), write Box 4556, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

20-bore Gun, by Bland, Strand, £1; Guinea floor to ceiling Punch Ball, 10s. 6d.—Newcombe, Banavie, Inverness-shire.

For Sale.—Sandow's 12s. 6d. Dumb-bells, 7s. (as new); new Running Pumps, (9s. 6d.), unused, 6s.; new White Boots, rubber soles (7s.), 4s. The lot, 16s.—Box 4614, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Pair of good Boxing Gloves, 3s. 6d.—Box 4620, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Bagatelle Board, full size, with pockets, marker, cues; must be first class order; full particulars.—Box 4621, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

50s. B.S.A. Air Rifle, condition as new, bargain; accept £1.—A. Dearnaley, 9, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

..... Cut here .....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 429.

Cut here .....

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, secondhand Portable Billiard Table, not less than 8ft., must be of best quality and good condition; also accessories, including set of crystallate billiard, pyramid, and snooker balls, 2in.—Box 4622, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Miniature Billiard Table, top 6ft. or 7ft., perfect condition, all accessories; full details, price.—Box 4623, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's 26in. frame Cycle, B.S.A. fittings, roller lever brakes, Roman rims, Palmer outer covers, Dunlop inner tubes, condition as new, £3; bargain. Approval.—Box 4624, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 434

Young Men Wanted as Agents for popular-priced Safety Razor.—Free sample, particulars, apply Box 4612, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

For Sale.—83 "Sandows's Magazines," 200 "Health and Strength" Magazines; 140 "Modern Man" Magazines; 24 others; 8s., all clean.—Reply Box 4613, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

DOGS, &c.

Young Fox-terrier for Sale, or Exchange for good Punch Ball.—Particulars, Williams and Owen, Maes, Pwllheli.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Prepare for winter. Make a 3s. 11d. bottle of health and nerve building emulsion for 1s. 6d. Beats all others. Recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4617, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 only, a rare chance, unique Xmas gift, 21s. safety razor, with seven blades, heavily nickelled, in leatherette case, lined silk; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free; approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A fountain pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish. Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Xmas Gifts. 5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Screaming comic postcards, "Not in these trousers," &c.; 25, 9d.; 50, 1s. 2d.; coloured, glazed.—Hughes, Publisher, Shrewsbury.

Why work for others? P.O. 1s. 6d. will bring you money-making scheme; whole or spare time. Large profits; small outlay.—Box 4610, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Turkish Bath Cabinet, complete, with heating apparatus, 15s.; cost 30s.; Sandow's Spring-grip Dumb-bells, 6s. 6d.; Clarionet (wants repairs), 5s.—Box 4615, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Safety-Razor Blades Re-ground, equal to new, 1d. each. Gillette, Clemak, Auto-Strop, Ever Ready, &c. Perfect results guaranteed, or money cheerfully returned.—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

Bankrupt stock. Limited number. Genuine 21s. Gillette Pattern Safety Razors, double-edged blade, Sheffield made, heavily electro-plated; in box, complete, 2s. 6d., post free.—Box 4616, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, double or triple extension ½ plate Camera, no lens, 3 double dark slides, also accessories, ¼ and ½ plate.—Box 4625, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Concert Flute, by Rudall Carte, silver keys, closed G sharp, good condition; lowest cash.—Box 4626, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For sale, or would exchange for typewriter, splendid large Model Steam Engine and Boiler, on stand, fitted with wheels, boiler 18in. by 10½in., engine 3½in. stroke, feed pump, together with saw bench and shafting; price £5.—Box 4627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Great alarm has been caused among postmen, butchers'-boys, dustmen, and many other sections of society by the rumour that the Rev. F. B. Meyer intends to abolish Boxing Day.

* * *

PEOPLE WHO WOULD MAKE GOOD STRIKERS.—No. 1: The Hon. John Wallop, of the Devon Education Committee.

* * *

Leap Year, "Constant Reader," is so-called because it gives bachelors the jumps.

* * *

A new book on aviation is called "Heroes of the Air." The worst of these stalwarts is that they are so apt to develop into windbags.

* * *

Says Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, "My policy at the London Opera House will be conservative until my confidence becomes absolute conviction." Who was it that hinted that Mr. Hammerstein was hardly Liberal?

* * *

A writer asserts: "To motor's human—but to *scorch* divine!" But doesn't scorching suggest rather an infernal character?

* * *

A Sunday paper publishes a contribution entitled "Boxing Notes." They go to fill some of those mammoth purses, I suppose.

* * *

Why are high words so often low?

* * *

A lady writes to say that so long as a man has a present she doesn't care if he has a past as well. (The present, however, must be for *her*.)

* * *

Why *is* George Gray?

* * *

I always thought Newmarket was a rather fast place. Now I am assured of it by the "Pall Mall Gazette" with a headline that reads "Newmarket Gallops."

* * *

In the much-discussed Theatrical Museum will there be an antique section devoted to pantomime chorus ladies?

* * *

In a week or so Turkey will be "getting it in the neck" in more senses than one.

* * *

Censorious Note: In the theatrical world they call him the Nonsenser.

* * *

When Earl was thrown at Sandown the other day it was distinctly unkind of a Radical racegoer to murmur happily, "Down with the Lords!"

* * *

The new "Christmas Din"-er: Tommy with his nice, new trumpet and drum.

J. S. Cox.

A SKATING HINT.

If you wear wooden skates—and they are out and away the best for distance or speed skating—be very careful when buying them to see that the blades are cut on exactly the same curve. If one is more curved than the other, it means an uneven stroke, and consequent loss of speed.

So far as that goes, the blades of wooden skates intended for speed skating should be almost flat. Still, there is a just perceptible curve, and it is highly important that it should be the same in both blades. Test them by putting them edge to edge.

AMERICAN ARTISTES.

Americans pride themselves on their sense of humour, but comparatively few of the American performers of the music-hall stage to-day appear to possess it.

Occasionally, as in the case of R. G. Knowles and the Two Bobs, one finds American performers who can delight their audiences, but the average Yankee artiste is a dull dog. His jokes are old and pointless, people do not laugh, and he returns to his native country and informs his newspapers that Englishmen cannot see a joke.

One thing the Yankee artiste can do well is dance, and it is usually for that he is applauded, and not for his singing or alleged humour.

SPURS AND HORSE SHOWS.

A good deal of protest is sometimes made by self-styled humanitarians regarding the wearing of spurs by riders in jumping competitions at horse shows.

Many of the horses entered for these competitions are hunters which never require spurs to be used upon them in the field, and it is argued that they do not require them in the show ring.

When hounds are running, the horse is excited and is as keen on the chase as its rider. Consequently he will rarely refuse a jump; but in the show ring there is no such excitement, and refusals are common. Hence the necessity for the riders to wear spurs.

WEDDING PRESENTS FOR A MAN.

It is always difficult to make anyone a suitable present, and especially is this so when the recipient is a man friend who is getting married. Most of his relatives give him things to help towards the furnishing of his house. These are as much presents to his wife as to himself, and probably you decide to give him something of a more personal character.

A dressing-case, an easy-chair, or a kit-bag, will usually be acceptable to a man who is getting married. If he is a sportsman, you can give him something that will be useful in his own particular sport, provided his wife has promised to be kind enough to allow him to pursue it. A hunting crop, a billiard cue, a motor-cycle lamp, or any other accessory of his favourite hobby will be welcomed.

STRENGTH AT BILLIARDS.

It is by the strength with which (or *at* which, as most professional players would say) a man plays his strokes that it is easiest to gauge his form, for it is on strength that "position"—that fetish of the keen cueist—depends more than on anything else.

For instance, to take an elementary case in point. Say you have the red over the centre pocket and you are in hand. Well, this is a slow shot, for you want the red to trickle up the table and stop in an easy position over the top pocket, thus leaving you another shot on. But if you play it hard it will go up the table and come back into baulk, when, of course, you won't be able to play on it. Possibly in such a shot you *may* put on a little more strength than usual (but not much) so as to bring the red back somewhere near where it was before.

By the way, it is by strength, too, that you will most readily tell a good man who is "kidding" for sharping purposes, for, strangely enough, he generally comes to grief (purposely, of course) oftener by using wrong strength than in any other way.

He stands right, addresses the ball right, but he thinks the illusion is sufficient if he uses the wrong strength. When you see a man shape well but still wrong in this respect, put him down, in nine cases out of ten, as a crook.

A GRIM AND TRUE STORY.

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

The tragedy I am about to describe was enacted in the island of Crete at the time when the Christian islanders, having successfully rebelled against the iniquities from which they suffered under the Ottoman rule, had been taken under the protection of four great European Powers—Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy, whose flags floated proudly side by side above the towering walls of the old Genoese fortresses of Candia and Canea.

The British regiment to which the actors in this sad story belonged is one which holds as noble a record of service and achievement as any that wears the King's uniform. It will be quite understood that for obvious reasons I do not give its name. I may say, however, that it was ordered to Crete from Egypt, where it had taken part in the final stages of Lord Kitchener's magnificent three years' campaign against the forces of the Khalifa, and had been present at the great final battle of Omdurman.

In a way it may be said that this very circumstance led, though indirectly, to the crime, and its consequence, of which I write. The battalion had become impoverished of men in the Sudan, and when immediately on coming back to Cairo it was ordered to Crete, there were many gaps in its ranks, which had to be filled up by drafts from other battalions.

One does not need to be an old soldier to realise that when the colonel of the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd battalion of a regiment is called upon to supply drafts to fill gaps in the 3rd, 2nd, or 1st, he puts his thinking cap on, and calls into consultation the adjutant and the sergeant-major. He does not wish to give away his best and smartest prize soldiers, but, as on his roll there are probably a certain number of wasters, he eagerly seizes the opportunity of foisting them off on to his unfortunate brother colonel. This, which after all is only human nature, for everyone loves his own children best, was what had occurred in the case of the battalion despatched to Crete.

The weather was hot in the island, and life within the fortressed walls of Candia was doubtless monotonous, and Cretan wine, which, being flavoured with rosin, has a peculiar taste, is very strong and heady.

Moreover, there was in " X " company a sergeant whose disciplinary methods had rendered him obnoxious to a certain number of the newly-imported men. And this is what happened:

One hot afternoon, when after a cricket match—we played cricket in the fosse beneath the battlements—the men of " X " company were in their huts, full Private " Z " rose suddenly from his bed, where he had been resting, took his rifle from the rack and an illicit cartridge from his pocket, and, having loaded, stalked across the floor to where the unpopular sergeant was quartered.

The sergeant was reclining on his cot, reading an English newspaper. " Z," standing at the foot of the cot, took deliberate aim, and, firing through the newspaper, shot his victim dead.

" How's that for not out? " he said, turning to the startled room, and, walking back to his place, he put his rifle in the rack, lay down and lit his pipe.

It was an extraordinary occurrence, and one might almost have supposed the act to be that of a homicidal maniac, or at least of a man maddened by drink. Unfortunately all available evidence was against any such conclusion. " Z " had possibly been drinking, but in no sense could he have been put down as drunk, and his sanity—so far as his ordinary actions testified—was beyond dispute.

Of course, he had to be tried for the crime, and equally of course the trial could have but one result.

He was condemned to death, and inasmuch as his crime was a civil and not a military offence—there being no actual state of war at the time in Crete—his sentence was that he be hanged like any other convicted murderer of his nationality.

I must think that probably no other sentence of death pronounced by a British tribunal has ever caused such poignant grief to so many persons as did that on Private " Z." The man, who had been an exemplary soldier until he came to Crete, was liked by everyone, officers and men.

His own company officer—he met his death at Ladysmith—was distracted with grief over the sad business. Every day he visited the condemned man, and sought not only to give him comfort, but, together with others—including the members of the tribunal, for all were eager to help—endeavoured to get hold of some sort of extenuating circumstance that might cause a remission of the penalty.

All was of no avail. The condemned man himself gave no sort of assistance to his friends.

" I know I did it," he said, stolidly, and that was all.

Thus the horrid preparations had to be made. When the last dread sentence of the law has to be carried out in England, all its processes are conducted in secrecy—so far as the public is concerned. But here, of course, all was different.

Naturally in a small community such as was ours in Crete, the dreadful business was a constant topic of talk, in whispers in the ante-room and of unremitting commentary in the canteen. One could not get away from it.

Then all the attendant circumstances were of necessity forced on all men's notice. The Sappers had to build the scaffold and gallows—a cruel task to which, of course, they were not apt, but which they carried out (in the interest of the hapless condemned) with the utmost skill and the most meticulous care that no flaw or failure which might increase suffering should be possible.

I will not say who had to act as executioners—that were best left unwritten. Soldiers in the course of duty have many painful tasks thrust upon them.

The cruel day came at length. It had come to our knowledge by that time, but with no sufficient evidence to be useful, that the murder of the sergeant was the result of a semi-organised conspiracy, but on this point " Z " himself was unapproachable.

Well, the day dawned. In most of our minds, I suppose, Kipling's poem of " Danny Deever " was throbbing and echoing as we made our way sadly to the appointed place, which was within the walls of the huge Fortress of Megallo Kastron, where all British troops were drawn up in hollow square facing inwards.

Great care had been taken to prevent any knowledge of the event reaching native ears, and on this morning sentries were posted far and wide to ensure that no Cretan or other foreigner should gain any knowledge of the proceedings.

I will not dilate on the hateful business. When " Z's " officer visited him at dawn, and asked if there was anything more he could do for him, the condemned man said: " Well, sir, do you think you could get me a drop of brandy? I'm feeling very shaky, and *I mustn't break down before the boys.*"

" I've thought of that, of course," said the officer, and produced his flask.

Then, after a few more words, they shook hands, and bade each other farewell.

* * * * * * *

" Z " walked on to the scaffold with a firm bearing. He was perhaps—or so it seemed—less agitated than any of us.

He asked not to be pinioned or blindfolded, but it was pointed out to him that it was better for himself that this should be done. Then he asked permission to say a few words, and this being granted, he spoke out like the brave man he was.

" Chums," he said, " I did this crime, as you know, and I've had a fair trial and have been rightly condemned. I thank the General and everyone for the kind treatment I've received. There is only one thing more I want to say. I believe it has been put about that there were others with me in this shooting of Sergeant ———. I want to say that is not the case. I did this deed by myself, and I take all the blame."

And with this generous lie on his lips, " Z " went to his Maker.

LACROSSE THROWING.

An expert lacrosse player will throw the ball 150 yards, and this without apparent effort, throwing overhand from behind his right shoulder.

The tip is, having caught the ball, to let it run down into the lower corner of the net, and then to make it run up the net against the wood, so that it flies from the net just where the stick curves round.

HEARD OVER THE ROPES.

GOSSIP ABOUT BOXERS AND BOXING.

Peckham sportsmen had a good time last Monday, when Alf Spenceley, the ex-amateur light-weight champion, took the ring at the Queen's Hall, Peckham, with Andy Wilson, the smart Plumstead light-weight. Andy knows how to punch, and the one-time-amateur had no easy task, but he managed to score a meritorious win on points.

Patriotic British boxers may perhaps be permitted to heave a belated sigh of relief at the news that an Englishman has at last managed to score over a French pugilist. At the Paris Wonderland, Jack Daniels met and defeated Battling Lacroix, the middle-weight champion of France. The Englishman was too clever for Lacroix, who had a monotonous right-hand punch, which could be relied upon to shoot out at almost regular intervals. However, he fought as gamely as a pebble, as he always does .

At the London Premierland there was a good bout when Sid Burns met Sam Lucas, a Walthamstow welter weight, who got a lot of punishment in the early rounds, and allowed Burns to pile up the points. After the sixth round, however, Lucas began to show better form, but he could not wipe off the deficit, and Burns won comfortably.

Keep your eye on Jack Bunner. His wonderful display of science and skill against Charlie Baker at the same place showed him to be one of the smartest bantams in the ring just now; and he's sure to be seen before long in better class company.

Johnny Summers' contest with Young Nipper at the Liverpool Stadium was at first considered a very one-sided affair, for the Nipper had no pretensions to being in Johnny's class. In the actual bout, however, he showed remarkable form, and scored a lot of points at in-fighting. It was only a flash in the pan, however; for Summers judiciously got out to a longer range, and won every round on points till the end, when the twentieth round saw him an easy winner.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

He was a small boy and he was bitten with a desire to make a collection of moths. His father advised him to read up the subject before commencing operations, and gave him half-a-crown to buy a book on it.

In due course the urchin returned, proudly bearing with him a yellow-covered volume. Then did his father smile a large smile for the book was Chavasse's "Advice to a Mother."

FRESH FROM THE FIELD.

CANDID CRITICISMS OF TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

The fact that Oldham Athletic were not at full strength may have accounted for the heavy score run up against them by the 'Spurs at Tottenham; but though they were beaten by four goals to nil, they gave a plucky display.

At the end of the first half, indeed, no goal had been scored, it was only after the resumption that the Northerners began to crumple up and allowed the Hotspurs to reel up the big total of points.

There was great rejoicing among the supporters of Bury when that luckless First League club managed to score three goals to Woolwich Arsenal's one at Bury. The reason of the joy was the very good one that this was Bury's first win this season.

Fulham are bucking up distinctly. They are in fine shooting form, too; as witness their great display at Craven Cottage against Gainsborough Trinity, when the home team ran out winners by seven goals to one!

It was an entirely well-deserved win, for not only did the Fulham forwards combine in first rate form and shoot like Bisley champions, but their backs and halves put up a remarkable defence against which the spasmodic efforts of the visiting forwards were quite ineffective. Everybody on the ground could see that, if Fulham had chosen, their seven goals could have been turned into a baker's dozen.

What *is* the matter with Queen's Park Rangers? They gave an almost indescribably miserable display against Coventry City at Park Royal, the result being a goalless draw. In front of goal the Rangers' forwards were absolutely childish; and it was only thanks to Shaw, their goalkeeper, that Coventry did not contrive to beat them.

G. K.

FRAUDULENT CANVASSERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

Times change and human beings and types change with them. A type that changes his character almost as easily and quickly as a chameleon does its colour is the trivial swindler, the man who won't go straight. As soon as one "lay" is played out, he tries another, and it is my purpose to warn the public against what is one of the most popular devices of a very widespread modern type of mean crook—the fraudulent canvasser.

These people have found out that the public has had its eyes opened to most of the usual "confidence tricks," and they realise that they must affect a certain business standing. Also they must carry "forms," those magic slips of well-printed paper which set the householder's mind so completely at ease. So long as they are given a "form of receipt," carefully filled in by the crook with his tongue pushed well into his cheek, a great many otherwise acute people are entirely satisfied as to the *bona fides* of the deal.

USING A PONY AND TRAP.

There are all sorts of commodities in which the fraudulent canvasser deals—or says he does. Beer is a very common medium for fraud.

A man will drive up to your door in a little trap, which he will leave in charge of a small boy who accompanies him. He knocks at your door, produces a book of bill forms, and asks if he may book your order for two or three dozen of his firm's celebrated dinner ale or family stout at half-a-crown a dozen bottles.

If you agree, he will make out what he calls an invoice, and ask you either for payment in full or a deposit, explaining that he is making no charge for bottles, which he *trusts* you to return. It looks plausible enough, and perhaps you pay him; when in a great many cases you never see him again, or his supposed beer either.

EXPLOITING A WELL-KNOWN BREWERY.

There is a big brewery in a western suburb of London which has been widely exploited by swindlers of this type. This firm will supply beer to householders on credit, without deposit of any kind. A written order is enough.

The crook knows this, and he proceeds to visit householders—as far as possible unsuspecting elderly widows who keep lodgings, a very numerous class. He gets them to give him orders, and to pay in advance, for a certain amount of beer from the firm in question. Then all he does is to write to that firm, in the householder's name, asking for that amount of beer, which is duly forwarded without question.

The unfortunate householder only finds out the fraud when the real bill comes in from the brewers several weeks afterwards. By that time, of course, no trace can be found of the supposed canvasser. Thus the victim has to pay for the beer twice over.

FLASH JEWELLERY.

A particularly contemptible type of fraudulent canvasser preys upon the ignorance of domestic servants. He obtains very easily a catalogue published by some firm which manufactures cheap and trashy jewellery. Armed with this, he knocks at area doors, assures the unsuspecting servant that he represents the firm in question, which, of course, he does not, and says that they will be pleased to let her have any article in the catalogue for a small deposit down, according to value, and weekly payments of so much.

Regarding the weekly payments, the crook laughs in his sleeve, for he does not mean to call for them.

Servant girls, as a class, cannot resist flashy finery, and it is long odds that they hand him anything from a shilling to half-a-crown as a "deposit" on a "diamond" brooch or a "gold wristlet watch, richly studded with emeralds and rubies"—treasures which, of course, never come their way.

Coal, books, tea, and all sorts of necessaries and luxuries are exploited by crooks of this kind. Of course, they are simply obtaining money under false pretences, but the pity is that the average householder is not sufficiently acquainted with their methods to call a policeman and give them in charge on the spot; when he eventually discovers that he has been swindled it is too late to do anything, for the crook has betaken himself elsewhere.

A. E. POTTER.

A TALE OF THE CITY.

THE MUG WHO WASN'T

By BERTRAM W. MATLOCK.

The offices of the Metropolitan and Provincial Loan and Investment Corporation, Ltd., were on the second floor of a block of buildings near the Bank, which imposing edifice gives an undeserved air of solidarity and integrity to many a questionable enterprise in the neighbourhood.

The Metropolitan and Pro—but no, the title is too cumbersome; let us call it by its real name, and say that Mr. Blackstone sat in his inner office opening his letters, of which there were not many, and occasionally glancing at the clock as though waiting for somebody. (If any clever students of German will turn Blackstone into that euphonious tongue, namely, Schwarzenstein, they will arrive at the name that the Metropolitan and Provincial Loan and Investment Corporation, Ltd., bore before it left the land of Sauerkraut to try its luck in London.)

The sound of the opening of the outer office-door caused Mr. Blackstone to look up, and a moment or two later to gaze on an imposing young man. He was dressed in a broad check suit, wore a bowler hat of the fashionable pot-shaped variety, the latest thing in made-up bow-ties, and a broad grin that showed twin rows of protruding box-like teeth. He was about five-foot-five in height; and, if we may judge from what Mr. Blackstone called him, his name was Archie. By day he was Mr. Blackstone's confidential clerk and by night a man about town who frequented a gambling club near Piccadilly Circus, and among whose youthful and heritage-expecting members he managed to find an occasional client for his employer.

"You're late, Archie," said Mr. Blackstone, indulgently.

"Never mind, guv'nor," the other replied, removing a cigarette of the genus Woodbine elegantly from his lips. "I got a bird—a proper pie-can—for yer." Mr. Blackstone smiled his approval. "Met 'im last night at the club. Got talkin' and found 'e wanted some ready. 'E's the only son of a seventy-year-old country sky-pilot, who'll leave 'im fifteen thousand sure. I told 'im you'd give 'im four thousand ready for the reversion, and 'e bit like a fish. Comin' 'ere at eleven sharp, 'e is."

"*Good* boy!" shouted Mr. Blackstone, with an almost unwonted enthusiasm. "As soon as 'e puts 'is affairs in my 'ands, I can get nine or ten tousan' easy from any insurance company. Vot a cop!"

And he rubbed together with great glee a pair of fat hands, whose nails might have struck a captious critic as being too black for real beauty.

"Now look 'ere, Archie," he went on. "Ven 'e's in 'ere vit me you must be in der outer office, but come in now an' again, and say that I'm through to Mr. Somebody or other on the 'phone. See? I'll do der rest."

Archibald's eye closed in a knowing wink.

"I twig, guv'nor." A tapping, as of a light stick, sounded on the outer door. "That's *'im!* I'll go an' let 'im in."

The young and elegantly-attired visitor who entered a moment later, silk hat and cane in hand, found Mr. Blackstone talking glibly into the telephone.

"What's that? Gone up a point, have they?" he called into the mouthpiece. "Great peezness! Can you buy me another five thousand, d'ye think? . . . . You can? Go ahead, then. . . . . Yes, more, if you like. Ten thousand if you can get 'em. Good-bye!

"I'm sorry to keep you vaitin'," he murmured to the new comer, "but I vos just givin' instructions to my broker. Pray, vot may I do for you?"

With a certain amount of nervousness, mixed with a touch of haughtiness, the visitor explained. He was the son of the Rev. Alastair Lascelles, rector of a rural parish in Somerset, upon whose death he would inherit fifteen thousand pounds odd. He wished, if possible, to sell his interest in the legacy.

Sounds arose in the outer office, which Mr. Blackstone's practised ear recognised to be the voice of the laundress plaintively requesting payment for the office-towels she had washed during the past two months. In lower tones Archie might have been heard gently promising. Mr. Blackstone raised his voice a little.

"Yeth, my dear thir," he said. "I'm sure that vill be quite eathy. Now for a few questions, if you do not mind." He took up a pen and a memorandum pad. "Now, your father's age? How is this money left to him? Are you his sole heir? . . . . . "

"You're on the 'phone to Lord Guntergate, Mr. Blackstone," said Archibald, suddenly appearing; and Mr. Blackstone, with a gesture of deprecation and apology, took up the receiver again.

"Hullo? Hullo? . . . . That you, Guntergate? How are you, dear old boy? Vot you vant? More money? Vell, you are insatiable, but never mind. I can't refuse a pal. How much? Only five thousand? . . . . I'll send you a cheque to-night. . . . . No, thanks, *please*. Good-bye!

"Great friend of mine, Lord Guntergate," he explained, "but let's get on vid our peezness. Vot you say to a sum—cash down—of three tousand pounds in a day or two?"

"Oh, come!" remonstrated the other. "Hang it all, your clerk Johnny only last night said you'd give me *four!*"

The other hid a triumphant smile.

"All right," he said, in the tone of one yielding a point gracefully. "There'll be a few formalities, of course; but it will be all right. Now, my very dear thir, *may* I offer you a glass of wine and a cigar? You will? *That's* right! I'll go an' get some from the next office."

He hurried into the other room, closing the door behind him. The young visitor's eyes began to rove interestedly about him. . . . .

"He *is* a pie-can!" whispered Mr. Blackstone happily to Archie. "Gimme the Tarragona and the tup'ny smokes. He'll have to pay pretty dearly for them."

He found his "pie-can" buttoning up his coat and adjusting his hat when he got back.

"Good-bye, Mr. Blackstone," said the other airily. "I'm going now."

He had a strange look in his eye, and Mr. Blackstone wondered. "But—but, sit down," he stammered. "Have a smoke. I vant you to sign a paper. . . . . "

The other laughed.

"I'm not going to sign anything," he chuckled. "It's rather a shame, but I represent the 'Evening Comet.' We're going for moneylenders hot and strong, you know. I've got a topping story out of *you!* . . . . And, really, you should not leave *this* sort of thing about. . . . . "

The door closed behind him. Mr. Blackstone was left, swearing picturesquely, and tearing into tiny pieces a note from the telephone company, dated two weeks previously.

"Owing to your account being now six months in arrears," it ran, "your telephonic communication has been cut off."

CLICHES.

Of some men it is said that they speak like a book, which simply means that their thoughts run in a consecutive train, and are well ordered and that their expression of these thoughts is concise and grammatical. A man need not by any means be eloquent to be considered a good speaker, but he must free his conversation from the disfigurement of cliches.

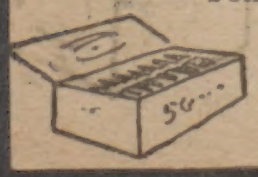
A cliche is a meaningless phrase, which is used unconsciously and is sprinkled throughout the conversation by way of loose punctuation. Very often, like most meaningless words, it is accompanied by unnecessary gestures.

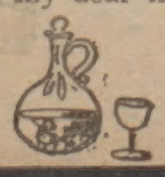
"I was walking down the street, and so on," says a man to you, "and I met an old friend, and we got talking and so on. He asked me how I was getting along and so on, and I told him I was still working at the same place and so on." The phrase "and so on" is his cliche.

Sometimes a cliche does not consist of words at all, but of a monosyllabic sound, best reproduced by the letters "um," and spoken with the voice rising towards the finish.

"I was cycling down a steep hill—um?—and all of a sudden I felt my brake give way—um?" Whilst listening to this sort of statement you feel uncomfortable, for you seem to be expected to interpolate some sort of answer.

The best cure for the practice of using cliches is to get some one to take down in shorthand an average sample of your conversation.





LITTLE EXTRAS THAT MEAN COMFORT IN THE FIELD.

There are many little things that the sportsman should carry with him if he is to be thoroughly equipped, besides his gun, or rod, or crop, or field-glasses, or folding-seat, according to whether he goes a-shooting, a-fishing, a-hunting, or a-coursing.

A knife is possibly the most important of these. It should neither be a pen-knife on the one hand, nor a "five-and-twenty-bladed pocket knife," on the other. One with a serviceable handle of buck or stag-horn, with a really good blade, a corkscrew, a hook for taking out stones from horses' hoofs, a pricker, a thorn-extractor, and perhaps a wire-nipper, is what the all-round sportsman most requires.

If the knife does not contain the wire-nippers, he should provide himself with a special pair, as he never knows in these days when it will be required.

A flask is another important accessory of sport. If the sportsman is riding, he may carry it in a leather case attached to one of the D's on the saddle, and a sandwich-box in another case on the other side. If he and his horse part company, however, and the latter gallops off, he will sometimes find himself separated from food and drink, just when their consolation would be most appreciated. So, perhaps, a flask that will go into the pocket and a sandwich-box that will fit into another are safest after all.

A HOT REFRESHER.

The coursing man may carry a Thermos flask filled with hot soup, and will find it a great comfort, if it be not a veritable necessity on the cold, windy marshes or the chilly plains, during a winter day's sport with the long-dogs.

A whistle is a convenient thing to carry when shooting or hunting. It is incomparably the best means of signalling either to man or dog, and possesses the advantage of not disturbing game, as does the sound of the human voice.

A pair of couples is often a useful thing to have with you if you are on foot with hounds, as you can get hold of a lost hound, or a young puppy that is inclined to run sheep, and take him on with you, or back to the kennels, as the case may require.

If you are hunting, a spare tip or so should be carried in the waistcoat pocket, as, especially in hare hunting, when the crop is cracked to rouse the quarry, tips frequently fly away, and a thong is useless without them.

A terrier lead with a plain collar can be slipped into a side pocket, or slung across the shoulders, and will often be found useful when hunting or shooting, and you are asked to lead a strange dog or to pick up a cur that is interfering with sport.

THE USEFUL CARTRIDGE-EXTRACTOR.

Going shooting, a pocket cartridge-extractor is an absolute necessity, and a cleaning-string with a weight and a bit of oily-rag at one end is equally so. The latter is sold in a small case that will go in the vest pocket.

One of the most necessary things for a coursing man is a pencil, wherewith to mark the card as each trial is run. This should be such that when reversed the unsharpened end is thrust into the point-protector, leaving the sharpened end always ready for use. The point-protector should be furnished with a ring, and to this a strap or chain should be attached, of a sufficient length when fastened to a button-hole to allow the wearer to mark his card with comfort.

A couple of thin india-rubber bands are useful, to bind the card round the left sleeve, where it can be easily consulted and marked.

A SLING FOR FIELD-GLASSES.

The trouble of getting one's field-glasses into and out of their case can be obviated by having a narrow strap or a piece of salmon fishing-line tied to them and slung round the neck, so that they may be dropped and taken up at any moment.

I once knew an otter-hunter who carried a fireman's scarlet life-line bound round his waist for use should anyone be in danger of drowning. It certainly added to the gaiety of his uniform, and also, incidentally, to that of other otter-hunters; but I never heard of his having any occasion to employ it for rescue purposes.

Many men find that it is almost impossible to carry enough cigarettes for a whole day's consumption—when they go racing or coursing—in the ordinary case; especially if they are in the habit of offering their friends an occasional whiff. To carry more than one case breeds confusion; very often neither of them is to be found when needed.

To such a useful tip is to take an ordinary metal soap-box instead. It is easily carried in the pocket, and will hold from thirty to forty cigarettes, according to whether these are of the Virginian or Turkish variety. This is a useful form of case to carry otter-hunting, as it should be water-tight, and the cigarettes undamaged if one wades deeper than one anticipates.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

"COLONEL BOGEY" AND CURLING.

Curling, of course, is usually played side against side, but it may be indulged in against an imaginary opponent, corresponding to Colonel Bogey at golf.

In this case, stones are placed in certain positions on the rink, and the curler has to perform certain evolutions to do them, pass between, knock away, or cannon off.

There are nine regular tests or exercises, points being given for each, according to the degree of success.

LOCAL STYLE.

Those who are interested in horses and who travel about to any extent, must have observed the great difference in the style of horse-drawn vehicles in various parts of the country.

A London cart would be looked upon with surprise if it were seen in Perthshire, and so would London cart-horse harness. Carts in the north, although used for the same type of work as those in the south, exhibit considerable difference in make.

This is probably because the carts and harness are generally made locally, and therefore local taste is shown in them. If they were exchanged from one part of the country to another, as happens with motor-cars, machinery, and many other things, they would all be the same.

Light vehicles, such as traps and carriages, are more frequently made in London, and sent throughout the country, and therefore in these conveyances there is less evidence of local taste.

LONDON CAMEOS.

XI.—A CONTRAST.

At 11.15 p.m. the pavement outside the theatre is thronged with people. The brilliant lights throw into relief the white shirt fronts of the men and the bare white shoulders of the women—only half hid by coats and wonderfully-coloured cloaks.

There is a constant pushing to and fro in order to reach the motors and taxicabs which—a long line of them—are gradually picking up and carrying away their freight of human lives, mysteriously garbed beings, belonging to that no less mysterious and amorphous sphere, the Upper Ten of Fashionable Life.

And on the faces of the women, both young and old, is a striking similarity of expression—*ennui* and ill-temper intermixed.

As for the men, they are curiously well-satisfied. A quick glancing eye and an alertness to be away are their chief characteristics.

A biting east wind makes several of the insufficiently-clad women shiver. But the motor-cars are warm, and gaily-lighted restaurants are warmer. And soon the brief lapse from creature comfort will be forgotten by these orchids of an artificial existence.

At 12.45 p.m. the lights outside the theatre are extinguished. Gradually there drift up and spread themselves against the wall human beings of a different class—creatures who have no home.

They lean against the wall—old women and old men, young women and youths—and speak no word.

They spread out hands surreptitiously, holding them over the iron grating which is beneath their feet. It is the grating through which comes the hot air from the theatre.

And they are warming themselves.

And at periodical intervals a policeman "moves them on."

G. A.

MEMOIRS OF A MARRIED MAN.—4.

THE MESSENGER.

The day after our little one was born to us I was very much inclined to remain at home. The outside world seemed so strange, so unreal, as I pondered on the wonderful thing that had happened.

Just at that time, however, my duties at the bank would not permit my taking a day off.

On going downstairs to breakfast I encountered the nurse coming up with a tray. She seemed very tired, and I noted that there was rather a worn expression on her kindly face.

"How is my wife this morning, nurse? Is the baby all right?" I said.

"They're both asleep now, sir," she replied, "but Mrs. Chalmers has had rather a restless night. That's only to be expected, you know, sir," continued the nurse somewhat hurriedly, as she saw my look of anxiety.

"I suppose so," I answered uneasily. "When she wakes, tell her I shall be home at the usual time."

I tried hard to be allowed to enter "Chum's" room, but the nurse was firm in her refusals.

THE NEWS AT THE BANK.

At my breakfast, which I ate in solitary state, I proudly composed an announcement for the "Births" column of the "Telegraph," and after cautioning the maid to be sure and make no noise in closing the front door, I left the house and walked down the road with the air of a Guards' sergeant-major, and the heart of a school-boy.

As I entered the bank, the two or three clerks looked at me with faces of respectful inquiry, but their natural curiosity was quickly dispelled, for soon after my arrival I handed the bank porter a sheaf of telegrams announcing my good news to all our friends and relatives, and made that worthy official happy by telling him to keep the change out of the sovereign which I gave him to pay for them.

Anderson, my cashier, reminded me that I could now claim a further rebate of £10 off my assessment for Income Tax.

"Ye can keep a dog noo, mon. The seven-and-saxpence ye save will just pay for the licence, ye ken," he said with a true Scot's grasp of finance.

ANXIETY.

The day seemed interminable, but at length I was able to get away, and was fortunate in meeting the doctor, who was just leaving the house.

"Well, doctor, how did you leave her?" I inquired anxiously.

"About the same. A little feverish, perhaps. You mustn't worry, though, my dear sir. Mrs. Chalmers will be as right as ninepence if we can only reduce her temperature. I'll look in again to-night," he said, as he hurried off.

About the same. Medical men are never very explicit, and, trying hard to shake off the sense of gloom which seemed suddenly to envelop me, I quickly entered the house and was greatly relieved to find that Ethel's mother had arrived during my absence and was looking after things generally.

"She's just asked for you, Jack," said the old lady, and punctuated her congratulations with fervent motherly kisses, which I heartily returned.

CHEERING HER UP.

Entering the bedroom on tip-toe, I crept to my darling's side. How frail she looked. Her parched lips seemed to burn into my soul as I kissed her, and her eyes glowed like fire.

"Dear old daddy," she whispered, as, with my arms around her, I strained her to my breast—but the little hand with which she fondled my ear and chin was hot and clammy.

Trying hard to appear cheerful, I said: "Now then, girlie, your boy wants to see your own bright self again! You must buck up, old woman! There's two of us to look after now, you know!" I cried gaily.

A lovely smile illumined her wan features, as, very demurely, very slowly, she drew back her shawl and allowed me a peep at the baby.

"Our son—the little child—God bless you both!" said Ethel fervently.

With much trepidation, I bent over and kissed the sleeping tiny mite, but as my moustache brushed the shell-like delicacy of his pink little face, he emitted a howl which his mother eventually and effectively stopped by means which the little chap doubtless found both pleasant and refreshing.

The doctor came again about nine o'clock, and I anxiously watched him take "Chum's" temperature. Giving the little glass tube two or three vigorous shakes, he inserted the thermometer under Ethel's tongue. Holding her pulse in his left hand, he pulled out a gold stop-watch, and as it ticked off the seconds the lines round the doctor's clever mouth seemed to deepen, and his face became graver. Then he gently removed the thermometer.

A LONG CONSULTATION.

"Too high! Much too high," he whispered to me, and after giving some instructions to the nurse and promising to call again about midnight, he left the room, followed by Ethel's mother.

Soon after, Ethel fell into a doze, but over half-an-hour had elapsed before I heard the front door shut, and I knew the doctor had gone. Why should he require to remain so long in consultation with the mother, I wondered? What *was* wrong? Why didn't they tell me?

Tears welled up into the nurse's eyes, as in frantic whispers I appealed to her to tell me the truth, but the good old soul could only advise me to wait until the doctor called again at midnight. So I prevailed upon her to get some sleep in the meantime on the couch in the dressing-room, and seated myself by Ethel's side.

Gently I clasped one little hand, almost transparent in its milky whiteness, which rested on the coverlet. In the room all was silence, save for the stertorous breathing of the still figure in the bed, or a fitful little sigh which now and again escaped her.

BY THE BEDSIDE.

My thoughts reverted to a picture I had seen, and which had always impressed me. It was called "The Comforter." It showed a room, luxuriously furnished, and a young fellow in riding kit was seated by the side of a bed in which lay a beautiful girl. Clasping the man's hand, and with His right arm on his shoulder, was the figure of the Saviour. In this dread hour of agonising suspense, instinctively I felt the presence of "The Comforter" in that silent room. Presently Ethel stirred.

"Can I get you anything, dearest?" I whispered, moistening her burning lips.

"Those lovely flowers—do pick some, Jack—how sweet—the sea—your arm—Jack—my Jack——"

"Yes, love; Jack is with you now," I murmured soothingly. "My God, she's delirious!" I cried, turning, with blanched face to the mother, down whose cheeks the tears rained fast. "Heaven help me."

"Courage lad, courage," said the old lady, brokenly. "Hush! I think I heard a knock at the front door."

We both listened intently. Quiet but decided footsteps ascended the stairs, and the doctor came into the room.

SUSPENSE.

"Delirious, eh?" he exclaimed, his gaze fixed on the frail form in the bed. I stood just beside him, my voice too choked for utterance, whilst Ethel's mother grasped my arm in an agony of apprehension for her child, her breast heaving with quiet sobs.

The doctor laid a cool finger on Ethel's forehead and again took her temperature.

"No change," he said. "I can do nothing at present, Mr. Chalmers. She sleeps now," he continued, addressing the nurse, "but if the patient wakes give her that sleeping draught."

I followed the doctor down to the hall door.

"Doctor—tell me—is my wife in danger? In God's name, tell me the truth, man!" I implored.

"You must be brave, Mr. Chalmers, but——"

"Yes, doctor," I interrupted, "go on—tell me—will Ethel live?" I said hoarsely, eagerly scanning his face for some ray of comfort, however slight.

"I cannot say," he said, in a voice meant to be kind.

"You must be prepared for the worst—but while there's life there's hope, you know," he went on encouragingly.

Promising to call again in the morning, the doctor went out into the night, and as I closed the front door I reeled against the wall as I realised the awful thing that menaced my home.

Great drops of sweat stood out on my brow. My hands shook, and my whole body swayed like a reed as I groped my way up the stairs, clutching the banisters at every step. My soul was racked with emotion—my heart seared as with a red-hot iron.

A MAN'S PRAYER.

My darling dying!

"Merciful Father, spare her to me!" I prayed in silent agony, falling to my knees in despair. After a few moments I became calmer.

"Be a man," a voice whispered within me. "Where's your grit? You're a soldier's son, remember!"

Summoning all my fortitude, I re-entered the room where Ethel lay. Her mother and the nurse sat together in silent sympathy, clasping each other's hands, their heads bowed in misery.

I watched the face of my beautiful darling, my thoughts a prey to a thousand emotions. The baby had been placed in a cradle close to his mother's bed, and was sleeping peacefully in blissful ignorance of that dread Shadow hovering over the life that gave him his.

A low moan from the bed. Then Ethel opened her eyes and smiled up at me—a smile so ethereal, so heavenly, that angels might well have envied.

FINIS.

Her lips moved. I bent over her, and strove to catch the words they framed.

"Jack—hold me—I am falling—falling—how dark it has grown—come nearer—you are so far away—ah—my—husband."

An awful change came over her features, and her breath came in a long drawn-out sigh which memory ever re-echoes.

With silent awe, the stricken mother gazed fearfully at me as I held my darling in my arms. Something told me that her life was flickering fast as I felt the frail body strive and gasp for breath.

Once more "Chum" spoke to me.

"My—darling—boy, don't grieve—dearest," as great hot tears leapt from my eyes and fell on to her bosom. "I can never—have—a better Heaven—husband mine. Hush! Look!!"

Her slender fingers clutched my arm spasmodically. An unearthly light shone in her eyes. Slowly she fell back among the pillows. "Mother—Jack—my ba—"

As I kissed her clammy brow, my darling gave a long, long sigh of contented peace. Then that grim Messenger stalked into the room.

Ethel was dead.

P. F. KAY.

(THE END.)

CLUB NEWS.

BIRMINGHAM.—Next Wednesday, December 20, at 8 p.m. the Birmingham MODERN MAN club will celebrate their Yuletide gathering. On Wednesday, December 27, the club will have a cold collation at 8 p.m., tickets 1s. 6d. each, to be obtained of the canteen steward. Both these functions will be held in the club headquarters, 46, New Street, entrance Needless Alley, and are open to members only.

MERTHYR TYDFIL.—A Merthyr and district MODERN MAN club has been established, with headquarters at the New Inn Hotel, High Street, Merthyr Tydfil. All readers in the district should communicate with the hon. secretary there.

NEWPORT.—A smoker in connection with the Newport MODERN MAN club will be held on January 1, 1912, at 9 p.m. at the London Restaurant, Commercial Street, Newport. All League members and readers in the district who wish to attend, please apply to the hon. secretary, 17, Herbert Street, Newport, not later than December 27.

HULL.—The Hull MODERN MAN Club hold an invitation smoker next Tuesday, December 19. A meeting of members will be held on Wednesday evening, December 20. A grand concert and dance has been arranged for Thursday, January 11, at the Newington Hall. Tickets, which cost 1s. each, can be had from the hon. secretary, Mr. H. Kay, at the club's headquarters, 148, Albert Avenue.

MASTERING A HORSE

WRINKLES FOR OVERCOMING THE MOST USUAL FAULTS.

Vice in a horse is usually the after-effect of ignorant or brutal training when young, and although occasionally caused by natural temper, these cases are in the minority.

Restiveness while he is being mounted is an annoying equine fault, especially to those who are not particularly nimble in getting into the saddle. Many of our Yeomanry readers will endorse the fact that the feeling one endures when the order comes "'Pare t'mount! Mount!" is not at all pleasant when your horse won't stand, but takes a keen delight in being everywhere except where he ought to be.

MAKING HIM STAND STILL.

The chief cause is eagerness to start, and an agile and clever rider can soon effect a cure. The rider must be fearless, and should carelessly yet confidently approach the horse, mount at the first effort, then restrain him, not allowing him to move forward until perfectly quiet.

Horses of this variety should not be highly fed, and plenty of hard work will have a beneficial result.

Rearing is sometimes the result of playfulness, though carried to a dangerous extent, but more often is a desperate effort on the horse's part to unseat his rider, and therefore it is to be regarded as a vice. It is often the result of the rider using a sharp bit or too tight a curb, and frequently a snaffle bridle will effect a cure.

If the above is not the case and you are sure his bridle is comfortable, then rather harsh treatment is necessary. Get a good strong crop and when the horse rears hit him a sharp blow between the ears, and he will, if this is repeated, soon learn his lesson.

SHYING.

Shying may be caused either by defective eyesight, by playfulness, or by sheer cussedness. In any case the whip and spur are useless, and gentle persuasive methods must be resorted to.

In the case of defective eyesight the rider should, with a gentle pressure of the heel, utter a few words half scolding and half encouraging. It must be understood, however, that although this method will give the horse confidence in its rider, if the eyes are at fault the real defect cannot be removed.

Shying from skittishness should be treated in a similar way. Severity is wrong, because if the horse is forced into contact with the object at which he shies, the dread of punishment will become associated with similar objects, and his shying will become more dangerous and frequent.

The soundest advice is to treat the horse gently, to take little notice of his shying except a touch of the heel and a few scolding words, to work him well and to get him accustomed to the things to which he takes objection.

TRIPPING.

Tripping is usually caused by bad shoeing, and a good farrier will soon put matters right. On the other hand, if this is not the cause, to cure tripping is almost an impossibility.

If the horse is built with a heavy forehand, and the forelegs are too much under the body, sell him, because you cannot alter his frame, and you cannot stop such a horse from tripping.

A horse may trip through tenderness of the foot, grogginess, or old lameness, and if so a tight rein may take effect, but this usually ends, if the horse trips and falls, in the rider being precipitated further.

A horse which is known as a tripper should never be ridden by anyone who values his life. If you are the unfortunate owner of such a horse, sell him or put him to heavy work in a cart with another horse, when he can trip as much as he likes, for the weight of the load and the motion of the other horse will invariably keep him on his feet.

A. R. FEWKES.

SPORT WHICH IS AT ITS CHEAPEST JUST NOW.

Whereas in the warm weather grasping boat-owners can demand all sorts of fancy prices for the hire of small sailing boats, at this time of the year the latter are lying high and dry on the beach, and the retired sailormen who own them will gladly hire them out, according to size, for 10s. 6d. to 15s. from Friday to Monday. Thus the amateur sailor who possesses a congenial friend willing to share the enjoyment (and expenses) of a winter-sailing week-end with him, can have a splendid time at an almost insignificant price.

In selecting your craft, which should be of about six tons, see that every space available for the purpose possesses a locker. This will leave you more room for moving about.

KEEPING WARM.

At this time of the year, your chief consideration will be to keep warm at night, and this will confront you with a difficulty. Either your cabin will be close or draughty. The best thing to do is to insist upon an awning to put over the cabin opening at night, so as to allow you to leave the door open. One winter night on the Broads the writer slept through a temperature of ten degrees below freezing and felt no discomfort, thanks to an awning well fastened down.

In a sailing boat of such small size there will be no room for slinging hammocks, so you will have to sleep on the more-or-less-hard-cushioned seats at the sides of the well or cabin.

As for bedding, don't bother about sheets. They are a nuisance. Seasoned salts sleep in pyjamas and socks, and rolled more or less tightly in several blankets; but a better wheeze is to double your top blanket over and sew it along two open sides so as to form a sleeping bag. This will prevent the unpleasant winter experience of waking up in the small hours to find your feet protruding and freezing with cold.

THE THINGS YOU REQUIRE.

Now about food and utensils. For two men, half a pound of tea, a pound of sugar, six loaves of bread, a pound of butter, and a tin of condensed milk will be required first of all. A good plan is to get your landlady to cook a joint of beef before you start, so that you can eat it cold with pickles. Then a couple of dozen of fresh eggs and one and a half pounds of bacon will see you fitted out as far as breakfast is concerned. Supper need not consist of more than bread and cheese and beer or cocoa.

Your craft should (you must insist on this) contain a frying-pan, a kettle, a pot, cups, saucers, knives, and forks, but it may not boast a stove. All you need, however, is a couple of those little shilling ones, with a sponge enclosed in a wire net, on which you pour the spirit. These will be quite powerful enough for frying becon or boiling a kettle, and one can be used for the first-named purpose while the other is serving for the second. In this way you will not have to wait too long for your breakfast.

A BILL OF COSTS.

Now let us consider the cost of such a week-end. We will put it down at:

	£	s.	d.
Hire of boat	...	10	6
Bread, butter, tea, milk ...	...	3	6
Joint of beef	...	4	0
Eggs and bacon	...	4	0
Beer and cheese	...	2	0
Total	£1	4	0

Thus each of you will have to dub up 12s., hardly an exorbitant price for a good week-end, and there will also be your fares to and from the seaport whence you take your boat, but perhaps you will be near enough to cycle down. If your week-end extends only from Saturday afternoon to Sunday night the boat-hire and food bill will be materially reduced.

B. FOSTER ADAMS.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A PRESENT OF 9s. 6d.

Our latest scheme for introducing THE MODERN MAN to those who are not yet acquainted with it, will, I think, appeal to most of my readers.

We have purchased a large number of half-guinea fountain pens, with 14-carat gold nibs, and these we are going to sell for the ridiculously small sum of 1s., and twelve pen coupons cut from the paper. Particulars will be found on page 429, and the pen coupon is printed on page 418.

The details given elsewhere make it unnecessary for me to describe here the various merits of this pen, but there is one thing about which I am rather pleased, because it was my own idea.

I have always found some difficulty in writing with a fountain pen, because the point, being less yielding than those of an ordinary pen, is liable to catch in the paper and make the ink spurt. To get over this difficulty I have had all the nibs of our pens specially made in the ball-pointed form, which absolutely prevents all danger of their catching in the paper, and makes it possible to write much more rapidly with them than with ordinary fountain pens.

You will naturally wonder why we are disposing of these pens at such a remarkably low figure, but you may rest assured that we believe the scheme will be as profitable to us as it will be to those who take advantage of it. On each of the pens appears the name of this paper, so that THE MODERN MAN will become known wherever one of these pens is introduced. The smallness of the price will also make it talked about. Besides this, we expect you to give the copies from which you have cut the necessary number of coupons to someone who is likely to become a regular reader.

Thus we shall secure new readers with every pen that is sold, and I consider that such a scheme is much better than spending money on Press advertising.

A CLERICAL RECORD.

I am always particularly pleased to hear from clergymen, because the fact that they write to me and that they read this paper must be proof that we cannot be quite so bad after all.

My correspondent on this occasion is the Rev. J. Kingston, V.D., of Marazion, Cornwall. After saying various kind things concerning THE MODERN MAN, he asks me for my opinion regarding a leaflet entitled "Why I am a Territorial," which he has written in order to encourage recruiting for the Territorial Force. His reasons ought to be sound, as he has what is probably a record in the way of service; he has been an officer in the Royal Navy, the Regular Army, the Volunteers, and is now an honorary chaplain in the Territorial Force.

Amongst the reasons which he gives in his leaflet is one which is particularly practical, namely: "Military discipline is certain to instil good manners and courtesy, which not only are required in us as Christians, but which also conduce much to success in life."

There are all sorts of parsons, but the type of parson who interests himself in military work is the kind to whom I listen with special attention when he speaks of matters other than military.

SEAFARING JOBS.

I am constantly asked by readers the best way to obtain a post as steward on board a liner, and I fear that my replies to such inquiries are not very encouraging.

All seafaring posts have a certain amount of romance attaching to them. The love of the sea is one of the Briton's most cherished characteristics, but it is not strong enough in many cases to induce him to become a sailor. In after life, having failed in other directions, he looks about for a soft job, where experience is not obviously necessary, and the stewardship of a liner seems to fill the bill.

There are not so very many liners, neither are there so very many stewards, but there are hundreds, and even thousands, of men who are anxious for such a job. Therefore, it is almost impossible to get it, as every shipping company has a long waiting list of suitable applicants, and unless an applicant has special influence he is wasting time.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE LAW-BREAKING OF SELBY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

A strong-shouldered, iron-jawed man of about thirty, with tight lips and hard, glittering eyes, walked into the inquiry office at Richard Selby's works one day, demanding to see the "boss."

"What name?" the clerk asked him.

"Name won't tell him anything. But it's Bill Carpenter. Ask him if he'll see me."

"What is your business?"

"Never mind my business. Tell him I'm here. Bill Carpenter—a man who wants a word with him."

There was a certain truculence about the visitor's manner which did not encourage further discussion.

The clerk went away, and returned in a moment requesting him to "walk through."

The caller found himself in a well-furnished office, meeting the gaze of abstracted eyes, which, curiously, failed to fit in with the estimate he had previously formed of Richard's formidability.

"You Mr. Selby?" he inquired, with a side glance at the other man in the room, who was working at a desk, alert and self-absorbed.

"That's so," said Richard.

"I want a job."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

"Any speciality?"

"I'm handy with my tools."

"What sort of tools?"

"Er . . . . carpentering."

"Trade to fit your name, eh?"

"Yes, that's it," and the man laughed—checking the laugh abruptly when he saw that Richard had not joined in. Involuntarily his truculent manner reappeared. "You've got a big place here," he said. "You could give me a job as easy as wink if you'd a mind to."

"I could," said Richard. "Where do you hail from? You don't sound like a Black Countryman."

"I've knocked about the world a lot. Can't say as I properly belong anywhere. The States was the last place I worked in."

"What did you do there?"

For the moment a curious expression crossed the man's face—a look of helplessness.

"If I've got to give you a detailed account of all I've ever done, it'll take me all day," he said, half-angrily. "Besides, it isn't the usual thing to cross-examine a man all ends up, when he simply applies for any job that's going." He quietened his tone a little on perceiving that Richard's expression did not change. "Give a man a chance and let him show what he can do—that's what I say," he asserted. "Ain't that your idea?"

"Might be," said Richard, and continued to watch him abstractedly. He pressed a bell with his left hand. "Sorry," he said, "but we seldom, if ever, employ casual labour in these works."

Quite palpably a sweat broke out on the man's forehead. "That means No, I suppose?" he said.

"Afraid so," said Richard.

The man stood rigidly regarding him for a moment, then turned and walked stiffly upright towards the door.

All at once he faced round, savageness and desperation lighting up every line of his face.

"I'd have toiled my heart and guts out for you—if only you had let me," he said hoarsely.

"Don't go," said Richard, instantly. "Shut that door."

He stood up with his quick decision, dismissing with a word the clerk who entered in response to his summons.

"I've altered my mind," said Richard.

He filled his pipe with tobacco, while the man stood breathing audibly.

"I can do with a hand in the fitting shop," said Richard. "There's nothing to do for a carpenter. You'll have to learn pattern-making."

"Very good," said the man. "I'll soon master *that!*"

"Come along with me," said Richard. "I'll put you in the hands of a foreman. Wages thirty shillings the first week, afterwards as much as you're worth. Want a bit to go on with?"

There was an interval of hesitation. "I'll have something when I've earned it," said the man with terse determination.

"Perhaps I like you," said Richard, smiling. "That's good enough reason for any man."

"Right-ho," said Richard. "Take five bob on account at the end of the day"—and he opened the door and signified to the man to precede him.

When Richard came back he exchanged an expressive glance with his friend and secretary, Graill.

"The poor devil's hungry," observed Graill.

"Not only that," said Richard, "his boots are worn right through—and he made no complaint."

"A man with a secret, unless I'm mistaken."

"Immaterial to us," said Richard, "if he does his work all right and is straight."

II.

He proved to be excellent in both of those virtues. No harder-working or more efficient man had ever been employed in the extensive chain works of Richard Selby, Moulden. Yet there was a shortcoming to his perfection, one which Richard, after several complaints, could not reasonably ignore. Carpenter, the new hand, was inveterately quarrelsome.

It was "a word and a blow" with him; and that power dwelt behind the arm was evinced by the fact that he was regarded with respect as well as detestation. He sent home a number of men no whit inferior in muscular strength to himself, with temporary blemishes on their bodily beauty.

"Can't understand why they don't like him the better for it all," said Richard, discussing the matter with his head foreman. "Why doesn't one of them give *him* a drubbing?"

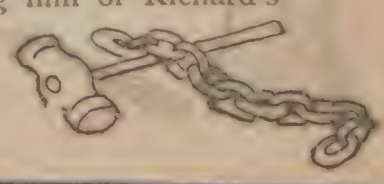
"Would you like to try, sir?" responded the foreman, with rueful humour. "He's been in the Army, sure as my name's Jim Larkins, and if he ain't been fistic champion, well, all I can say is, he ought to ha' bin. Use 'em! Lumme! A kick of a mule ain't in it!"

"Well, I'll speak to him the next time anything of the sort occurs," said Richard.

And the day was not long deferred when he had the opportunity.

Passing into the fitting shop one afternoon, he had hardly left the doorway when he heard the sound of an altercation. Down at the end of a long bench Carpenter was "arguing the point" with a usually peaceable workman named Bennett. The former's voice was loud, and he emphasised his remarks with taps on the other's chest with a heavy iron spanner. Bennett, it seemed, was retorting with sarcasm—a smooth, vitriolic flow of it—for which he was justly famed. And that he was fearless was manifest, for his hands were in his trousers pockets under his apron.

Someone spoke to Carpenter, telling him of Richard's



approach. He turned round quickly, and his change from truculence to an amicable expression made Bennett give vent to a short, derisive laugh.

Carpenter flashed up his arm. The blaze of sudden rage on his face made him look livid and almost demoniacal. There was an instant's exclamatory expectation. Then Richard caught the descending wrist, twisted it with a savage strength which for a moment surprised the onlookers, and the spanner fell clattering to the floor.

"Not with that," said Richard quietly.

"With me hands, then," said Carpenter, with a grin which made him hateful.

"With nothing," said Richard sternly.

He turned to Bennett, who was smiling, with white lips.

"Want to fight him, Bennett—now—this minute? You have my permission."

"I don't want no row with anybody," said Bennett, after looking at him to see if he was serious.

"Well, cease smirking, then. You've done nothing to be proud of."

"'E started it."

"And you inflamed him by sharpening your wit at his expense. That'll do. I'll attend to you, Carpenter, in my office."

Carpenter followed him with hanging head, undisguisedly ashamed, careless who knew it. Richard sent Graill out of the office, with a tact which Carpenter only appreciated long after the incident was closed.

"Now, look here, Carpenter," said Richard, with a sort of impatient irritability, "why can't you behave like a sensible being and not like a touchy child?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Carpenter, humbly. "It's in me, I suppose. I've been like it since a kid. I'm fair cursed with it."

"Can't you use better control?"

"It's like a flaming, red hell, sir, whenever anybody crosses me. I can't get it under. It's a—a madness! A temporary madness!" He clenched his hands, staring down at the carpet with morbid preoccupation.

"You'll have to go, you know, Carpenter, if you don't improve. I can't have the place upset by perpetual strife and ill-will."

"I know, sir."

"Do you want to go?"

The curt question brought Carpenter's head up sharply. He looked at Richard with an indescribable bitterness of misery in his eyes.

"No, sir," he said. "No!" He pulled himself together as though by an impulse of manliness. "Give me another chance, sir," he said. "I've come to anchor here. I don't know where I should go if you sacked me. I'll put up with anything any of them say to me. If my hand goes up to hit anybody I'll take and shove it in one of the forges; I will, sir!"

"You'll do nothing so idiotic," said Richard, with vigorous common-sense. "You're sure to make a fool of yourself once or twice again, even if you succeed in mastering the fault in the end. That you *will* master it I am certain. There's stubborn stuff in you, man—stuff that will outlast any miserable petty weakness. But meanwhile—" He estimated the man with one of his penetrating glances—"you'd better come up to the fitting shop next to my office," he said abruptly. "It's my private room, where I knock into shape any mechanical ideas that occur to me. The inventions are secret—till they're completed and patented—and I shall look to you to make yourself worthy of the trust. You understand? And there'll be nobody there for you to quarrel with—except myself occasionally—and you'll be fired out in double-quick time if you attempt to quarrel with *me!* That's all. Don't bother me with thanks. Finish your day's work in Number 4 shop and present yourself up here at eight in the morning."

Carpenter, with a half salute, turned and walked briskly out. Richard stood for a moment pulling at his pipe with a reflective frown on his forehead.

"Why do I find the beggar so likeable?" he said, "when he's such a damned nuisance."

III.

Some weeks passed by without further event. Then one night Carpenter earned the gratitude of a reporter on the "Moulden News" by falling out with a man in the main street and, after buffeting him severely in a hand-to-hand tussle, picking him up bodily and throwing him through the plate-glass window of a shop. The man, it appeared, had provoked him by some uncomplimentary remark. The man was hurt, but not quite so badly as the window. Carpenter was taken into custody, and spent the night in the local gaol.

Richard heard about the matter in the morning, and also received a visit from a solicitor who had been sent for by Carpenter and directed to call on Richard with an urgent, dictated message.

"For heaven's sake, come and bail me out, sir," said Carpenter. "They'll send me for trial, for the window, they tell me, is worth more than twenty pounds, and I sha'n't make any defence—I shall reserve it. I particular want to talk to you."

"Sounds a bit pressing," said Richard. "Is he very upset?"

"Anxious, I should say, Mr. Selby. Peculiarly restless and sensitive about the affair. The more surprising, because he seems something of a hard case."

"Yes," agreed Richard, perceiving that the solicitor had been told very little by his client, and was inquisitive to know more. "I've found him a good man, and I'll willingly stand security for him," he continued. "But do you think for such a violent offence he'll be granted bail?"

"If you appear and testify to his character, Mr. Selby, I believe your good opinion will influence the magistrate."

"Who's on the bench this morning?"

"Mr. Vincent Lyons—your intimate friend, I believe."

"U—m," reflected Richard. "Not," he added, "that that circumstance will make any difference."

"By no means," agreed the solicitor, gravely. "By no means, Mr. Selby."

"Very well," said Richard. "I'll do what I can. Let me know by messenger as soon as the case is called."

And by noon the delinquent Carpenter was once more free—released on a single surety of £100, and ordered to take his trial at the quarter sessions six weeks hence.

Richard returned to the works, and presently entering his private workshop found Carpenter there, standing listlessly by a lathe, his strong hands slack at his sides. He turned on hearing Richard, and the two men looked silently at each other for a space.

"Well," said Richard, "another stumble . . . and I suppose you're thinking now that you're damned for good. Before you say anything—and I can see you *are* going to say something—let me tell you this. I'm going to reform you, Carpenter. I'm going to reform you, you desperate-tempered devil . . . if it takes me five years. So get ahead with your excuses, if they'll give you any relief."

For a further interval the man did not speak. Richard leaned his back against a bench, folded his arms and smoked his pipe.

"Mr. Selby," began Carpenter, hoarsely, "you've been mistaken in me. I'm not a man worth helping. I'm a deserter from the Army. I killed a man in a fight in India—killed him without thinking, though there was murder in my soul. He was always getting at me—with his taunts and his bitter sneers!"

"A fair fight?" inquired Richard, without any change of expression.

"Yes, fair enough. He fell heavy and got concussion, and died in the hospital next day. I got ten years for it. I sloped and got aboard a trader, working my passage to England, and then knocked around till I found my feet bringing me here. I felt safe here, somehow. . . . You give a man confidence. . . ."

"Go on," said Richard, as another pause ensued.

"They're still on the look-out for me, of course. But as long as I lay low and didn't get into trouble, there was nothing much to fear. Now, at the sessions they'll recognise me sure as death! They always compare faces with photographs; and I've only had my moustache off—it's a wonder I haven't been spotted before.

"They'll haul me back to do the ten years. You know what it is, sir—hell on earth! And I won't go through it. By heavens I won't go through it!" He ground his jaws and his hands were spasmodic.

"Well?" said Richard—a quiet interrogation which did much to restore the other's lapsed control. "What are you going to do?"

"Take the only way out—if it comes to the necessity."

"You're not in earnest?"

"I swear before God I am."

"So that was why you made use of me to bail you out—

(Continued on page 437.)

Our Latest Offer to Readers.

In order to advertise THE MODERN MAN in every office, club and home, we have purchased a large quantity of the highest-class Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nibs. These pens are equal in every respect to those sold at half a guinea, but our price to our readers is only one shilling and 12 pen coupons.

We are selling these Fountain Pens at this absurdly low price, because our paper is advertised by the name of it being stamped on every pen, and our circulation is benefited by the collection of the pen coupons.

Nothing could be more acceptable as a Christmas present than one of these handsome pens.

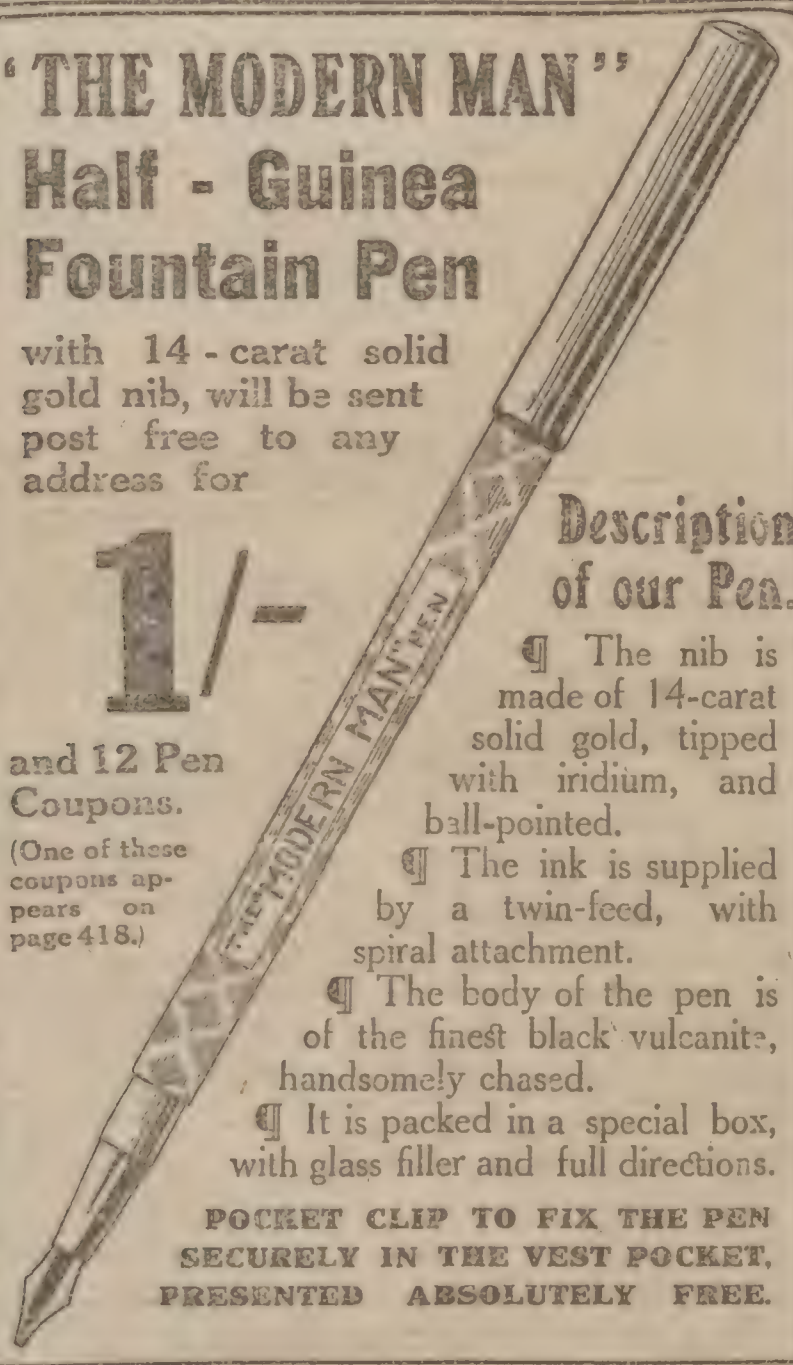
"THE MODERN MAN" Half-Guinea Fountain Pen

with 14-carat solid gold nib, will be sent post free to any address for

1/-

and 12 Pen Coupons.

(One of these coupons appears on page 418.)



Description of our Pen.

¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, tipped with iridium, and ball-pointed.

¶ The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment.

¶ The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased.

¶ It is packed in a special box, with glass filler and full directions.

POCKET CLIP TO FIX THE PEN SECURELY IN THE VEST POCKET, PRESENTED ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 418 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper, or by getting the coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the coupons it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

WORKING TERRIERS.

THE BEST BREEDS, AND HOW TO TRAIN THEM.

Most terriers are game sportsmen, but some are better adapted to working, *i.e.*, sporting purposes, than others.

The Skye terrier, for instance, is a plucky little dog, and a fine vermin killer, but his long coat makes him troublesome to keep clean, and is also a handicap to him when working through hedges or undergrowth.

Now as to working terriers in general, those most in demand are the Scottish, Fox, Dandie Dinmont, Irish, Airedale, and Bedlington.

To these must be added the bull terrier, in view of his recent recognition by the Kennel Club as a sporting dog.

USEFUL AND KEEN.

The Scottish terrier, also known as the Aberdeen, Die-hard, and Cairn-terrier, is in many ways an ideal sporting dog. His short legs and low-hung body enable him to go where the more upstanding terriers, such as the Bedlingtons, would be blocked. His dense coat is impervious to weather, and to the attacks of the smaller vermin. His jaws are strong enough to tackle a badger, while in intelligence, he can do everything but talk, and he is as keen as the proverbial mustard.

The Dandie Dinmont has pretty much the same qualities, but he has not the Scottie's powers of hearing. The Dandie's ears droop, whereas the well-bred Scottie's are erect and meant by nature to catch the slightest sound.

Everybody knows the fox terrier, so there is no need to describe his charms and virtues. For working purposes, however, the rough-haired variety is, perhaps, the better of the two, his coat protecting him against weather and wounds.

AIREDALES GOOD AT WATER.

The Airedale is a first-rate sporting terrier, particularly good at water, thanks to the otter-hound blood that is in him, but his height is against him for underground work, an objection which may also be taken to the Bedlington, with his curious cone-shaped head.

Whatever the breed, the principles of training a terrier for field work are the same, patience being the first requisite in the trainer.

Training should begin soon after the puppies have been weaned, and the best way to teach them to kill rats is to bring in some young rats. The puppies will merely play with them. At all events they will not know what to do. Then introduce a grown dog and let him kill the rats in front of the puppies. This is a practical lesson which will make a lasting impression on their youthful minds.

EARLY LESSONS.

These demonstrations should be given, say, twice a week, until the puppies are from six to eight months old, when they may be introduced to full-grown rats. A bite or two from the latter will usually complete their "education."

Then they should be taken water-rat hunting, with an old dog to act as schoolmaster.

The working terrier should be able to drive rabbits from cover, be accustomed to ferrets, and be trained to stand true to hole until told to leave.

The simplest way of accustoming a dog to ferrets is handling them in his presence, reprimanding him or giving him a cut of the whip if he attempts to touch them.

The check-line by means of which he can be pulled back is the best way of teaching a dog not to give chase. It should be dispensed with as soon as possible, but always re-applied should he attempt to be disobedient.

Training a terrier not to be gun shy is simply a matter of not frightening him to begin with. Let him first hear the sound of a gun a long way off, gradually decreasing the distance until he has lost all signs of fear.

While patience is certainly necessary in training a working terrier, he is naturally such a good sportsman and good fellow that if he turns out badly it is pretty sure to be your own fault.

H. MANOR.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TRICKS.

ARE THEY OF ANY USE?

At this season those who study physical culture are not infrequently challenged to perform some simple trick to prove their strength or the elasticity of their muscles.

A well-known athlete recently said to me that all these tricks were childish; but I think his opinion was, perhaps, due to the fact that he has become rather too fleshy to perform them.

Many of the tricks which one is invited to try at Christmas parties and other similar functions are of little interest, because their accomplishment depends not upon strength or the elasticity of the muscles, but upon the relative proportions of the body. There are some tricks, for example, that can be easily performed by a man whose back is long in proportion to his legs, though they cannot be performed by a man who is long-limbed.

Such tricks may be passed over, but there are others which are good as tests of physical fitness.

One with which you may not be familiar, and which will afford you and your friends a good deal of amusement, is the following:

Stand with the heels together and the toes out, and place a match-box on its side between the toes. Now raise the right foot from the floor by bending the knee, and, balancing yourself on the left foot only, twist your right hand round the outer side of your left leg and behind the left calf until the fingers grasp the match-box, which must be lifted clear off the floor before you allow your right foot to come back to the ground.

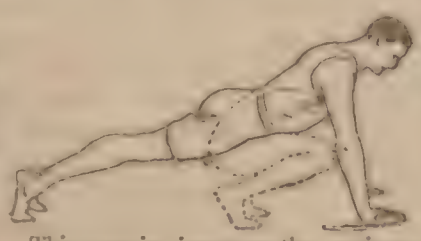
While doing this performance you are tempted to steady yourself by placing your left hand on your left thigh, but this must not be done. It is usual to make the competitor hold his left ear with his left hand during the trick, in order to prevent him from assisting his balance by means of his left arm. This trick demands elasticity of muscle and perfect balance.

AN ALL-ROUND EXERCISE.

FOR MUSCLE-MAKING AND HEALTH.

(1) Stand at attention.

(2) Bend the knees smartly outwards, incline the body forward, and place the hands on the floor, rather more than the width of the shoulders apart, with the fingers turned a little inwards, the arms stiff and straight and nearly vertical. The bending should be done from the hips, and the back should be kept straight.



This exercise improves the carriage.

(3) Keeping the arms straight, thrust the feet backward until the body and the legs form one straight line and are stretched at full length, the weight being supported by the hands and toes.

(4) Pause for a moment and resume the position described in movement 2.

(5) Spring back to attention.

The dotted lines in the illustration indicate the position at the end of movement 2. The solid lines show the correct position after movement 3 has been performed.

This exercise rapidly develops the muscles of the arms, legs, shoulders, and back, and not only increases their size but improves their elasticity. It involves no strain, and can be repeated until the muscles tire.

You can perform this exercise as quickly as you like, and can bring out a copious perspiration if you wish. It is a good, active exercise to commence with in the morning.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

"PHIL." (Croydon). — Your measurements are exceptionally fine, which is probably accounted for by your years of training in the North-West Mounted Police. Considering the magnificent size of your chest, you have special reason to be proud of your waist measurement, which is relatively very small.

"OLD READER" (Liverpool).—Nearly all the exercises recently given will help you to develop your chest. The one printed this week will benefit you; but you can improve upon it for your purpose, by assuming the position indicated by the heavy lines in the drawing and raising your body up and down by straightening and bending your arms.

H. B. (Dublin).—Try an orange before breakfast. It is a capital appetiser.

J. L. (Leytonstone).—You should make a point of having a good sweat every day. This will free your system as well as your skin from impurities. Sleep with your windows open, and eat more fruit.

A. G. C. (Leicester).—(1) As you breakfast at 7.30, and do not have dinner until 2 o'clock, it is certainly advisable for you to have something to eat about 11 or 12 o'clock, especially as you have not yet finished growing; but the snack of cocoa and bread and cheese that you are in the habit of taking is rather heavy, as cheese takes a long time to digest; substitute butter for it. (2) Your weight is not far out for your other measurements, which, however, are not good. It will increase with the size of your muscles. Practise your exercises regularly.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE "GORGEOUS JOHNSON"

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

Looking back over the various moon-struck periods of a too-happily spent youth, I can mark down among the most thoroughly joyous the three luxurious months or so when Chinnery, "Stingaree" Clavering, and I—three young men hovering on or just over the borders of the magic twenty-first year of existence, without one idea (except in Chinnery's case) of the meaning of the word Responsibility—were under the influence of the "Gorgeous Johnson."

Mr. J. M. Barrie and his book "My Lady Nicotine" were entirely responsible in the first instance. An uncle of Stingaree's bore the onus in the second by sending Stingaree, just at our Barrie-worshipping time, a tin of a famous mixture.

We tried in vain to popularise it with Chinnery by calling it "*our* Arcadia Mixture." Chinnery, although as much as ourselves a slave of the fascinating work of Mr. Barrie's, saw ruin in front of him, and also that he would be "owing himself" a great deal of money if, as was written in "My Lady Nicotine," he realistically paid ten shillings the pound for his tobacco, and that was the price of the mixture that Stingaree's uncle sent. He stuck out, also, for a shade more originality, dismissing both "Arcadia" and "Barrie-jamesia" as unsatisfactory names for our tobacco.

John was the first name of the firm that produced the wondrous mixture, and, as it fully deserved the adjective, Chinnery christened it the "Gorgeous John." Stingaree added the "son," because it was at the end of the firm's name.

Delighted because we had adopted his suggestion, Chinnery consented to stop outside the new brotherhood no longer. Just as the smokers of the Arcadia had a bond of union because they consumed the same tobacco, so, when he finally came into the thing that Stingaree and I had taken up enthusiastically from the first, Stingaree announced that when Chinnery handed him his pouch for a friendly fill, he always traced "a mellow understanding" in his eyes.

As we could always deceive ourselves into the parts we were playing, I think I said that I, too, saw the peculiar influence of the "Gorgeous Johnson" showing through the spectacles of dear old Chinnery, but afterthought and the unkind gleam of cold fact, remind me that about that time Stingaree had been presented with a pipe by his father, who, being a solicitor in London, thought it beneath his dignity to walk about Bedford Row, Holborn, even in the cool of the evening, with a presentation pipe that held nearly half an ounce of tobacco, and obscured most of his chin.

Stingaree's assertion on one occasion (when, his tobacco being low, Chinnery's understanding look became particularly "mellow") that, despite the apparent bulk of the pipe, it was almost impossible to get his little finger into the well-burnt bowl, only drew from Chinnery a remark to the effect that in that case Stingaree's finger must be as big as the butt-end of a billiard cue.

Had it not been for the soothing influence that so distinguished the "Gorgeous Johnson," civil war might have ensued, but Arcadian-wise, we blew clouds of smoke and thought better of it while we looked out to sea, except Chinnery, who vainly struggled to get a fairly proportioned "cloud" out of the few bits of dry stuff that Stingaree had left him at the bottom of his pouch, and only succeeded in obtaining a throatful of hot dust every third whiff.

The tenets of "My Lady Nicotine" sank into our souls, and the influence of our new fetish, the "Gorgeous Johnson," had a far-reaching effect on our daily lives.

One evening, following the precepts of the book, Stingaree handed his father his pouch to see if he was worthy of the "Gorgeous Johnson." For some time Clavering senior, the very best and most sporting of fathers, made no remark. Then, when he had half smoked the pipe through, he asked him what price he paid for it. They were—thoughtless men—smoking in the drawing-room!

Classically enough, Stingaree replied, in subdued accents: "Ten shillings the pound, sir."

At that moment Stingaree's revered mother, presumably at a charity bazaar, walked into the room.

Entirely forgetting to upbraid them for their awful offence she said, "How beautifully your tobacco smells!"

And then, having taken another matronly sniff of the aroma, she walked out.

"What price have you been paying for your tobacco before this?" asked the grey-eyed man from behind the festoons of delicate blue.

Stingaree, living at that moment in an ecstatic page out of Barrie, puffed largely before replying. He knew that the words of his mother had been a glorious victory for the "Gorgeous Johnson," for his father for many years had suffered at the tongue of his mother for pervading the atmosphere with his "strong old tobacco."

"It has only cost me half what I pay for this," he said at length. "One must pay for a good thing."

"Then, presuming you spend a quarter of your money on tobacco," said his father, "I shall add twenty-five per cent. to your pocket-money."

Stingaree, you must bear in mind when reading this rather improbable anecdote, was nothing if not an artist. From my idea of the excellent character of his father, I should say that he would have asked him what the deuce he meant by daring to pay threepence per ounce more for his tobacco than he (Clavering senior) did—all this followed by a homily on lassitude linked with extravagance. But that is how Stingaree told the story, and if you are, with me, inclined to take it with a salt-mine or two, I want you at least to revere him for never dishonouring by word of mouth the "Gorgeous Johnson" that bound us together.

That he had an interview with his father I know; that he may have handed him a pipeful of the "Gorgeous Johnson" is certainly within the bounds of possibility, for Stingaree caught him in such a good frame of mind that he advanced him the five pounds he had long been requiring in order that he might look for a job in his line (ornament to an electric power station) in the Midland counties.

The over-kind sub-editor on the local weekly on which I was then in the last year of my articles, being tired of the imaginative journalism I had for some months past been putting into my reports of the police court, at which I seriously devoted myself to caricaturing the fat magistracy, granted me, without much trouble, a fortnight's holiday. My lawyers, affecting to believe that I was also going to get a billet as junior reporter on a Midland paper, provided me also with five pounds to that end.

On the afternoon preceding our departure, Stingaree and I had the pleasure of walking into our tobacconist's and ordering a whole pound of the "Gorgeous Johnson," for which we paid the classical ten shillings for all the world as though we had been Pettigrew and Scrimgeour of the book (whose names we had adopted in private conversation, entirely excluding Chinnery from participation in this realism, as, having a manner for clipping names, he wanted to call Stingaree "Petty" and me "Scrimgy," thus tearing the whole effect to rags).

I remember that the month was August, and the hottest for some years. The streets of the Midland town were like the piazzas of Spain at mid-day. One sweltered as much in the heat as in the shade. The thought of fooling with dynamoes was as unpalatable to Pettigrew as the idea of toiling up the stairs of oppressive offices to interview bad-tempered editors was to Scrimgeour. Also, it was rather against the principles of picturesque laziness inculcated by the book, and guilty of heresy we would not be accounted.

At our diggings we went to bed immediately after lunch, on strict principle—not to sleep, but merely because it was the coolest place. We shared a double-bedded room, and Pettigrew always had the jar of the "Gorgeous Johnson" on his side. We invested four shillings and sixpence in a new edition of the work, a copy of which hitherto we had kept from a circulating library until they sent a threatening letter about it, and we proceeded to inculcate the very life of the book.

I remember that we walked about, pipe in mouth, all through the house when the landlady had gone with her son, a young butcher of our own age, to Grantham for the day. We did it, not speaking one to the other at dusk. I do not

mean that anything on similar lines happened in Mr. Barrie's book, but that was the general atmosphere of the thing—an etching in sepia—and we sought to make ourselves part of it.

Stingaree embarrassed me on several evenings by wanting to "shake hands on the landing, and so, sadly, to bed." But Thomas, the rubicund and massive son of the landlady, thought this was too foolish, seeing we slept in the same room, and we had to relinquish it.

Three weeks of it saw the end of my money, and, having had the foresight to provide myself with a return ticket, I went to the station to take train for home, incidentally stopping with Stingaree that he might spend one of his remaining three half-crowns on a quarter-pound tin of the "Gorgeous Johnson."

A hint regarding the extravagance of this was met by the solemn reply that a man must have tobacco, and all else defiled one's pipe after the "Gorgeous Johnson."

I asked him when he thought his father would have him back. He replied that the thought had not troubled him. He should simply write for the fare home. The "Gorgeous Johnson," he said, had mellowed his disposition and made his heart kind to his fellow men. He could imagine no man being harsh. It would have offended his (lately cultivated) susceptibilities.

But his father, wishing to give him a lesson, wrote him no word for three weeks, and in the meantime the letters he sent to me were sorrowful missives. He said that he would put into writing something he had not cared to tell me about our mutual friend Chinnery. *He was a traitor to the "Gorgeous Johnson!"* He only carried it for show, and to pull out only when decency demanded that he should offer us a pipe of tobacco. In reality he had another pouch concealed about his person, in which he carried some mixture, really the favourite of his coarse palate, which one bought by the ounce packet, with a hideous flaring label on it, and all for fourpence-ha'penny.

I read all this in surprise. Of course, the letter went on, I must say nothing of it to Chinnery. In the ordinary course he (Stingaree) would have written to us jointly for the loan of the half-crown with which to buy his weekly tin of the "Gorgeous Johnson," but he felt that Chinnery would not understand.

It was not like Stingaree to conclude clumsily, "So will you send along the half-crown, and say nothing about it." He delicately left that to my sense of gentlemanly perception.

So for the three weeks I sent it, a little proud that I should be in a position to preserve the palate of a friend.

Chinnery at that time, too, usually looked ethereal on Friday evenings, just before the post left for the Midland town where our friend Stingaree was residing.

It was not until Stingaree returned that, meeting him unexpectedly at the station, the explanation came. Chinnery, after the greetings were over, asked him for a pipe of tobacco, diving his hand at the same time, according to usual custom, into Stingaree's right coat pocket for the pouch.

Stingaree flushed a vivid pink; but before he could prevent it, Chinnery had the pouch open, showing to view tobacco too ordinary-looking—in fact, a mere navy cut—to be the "Gorgeous Johnson."

It was an appalling instant.

"By George!" said Chinnery, unctuously, "and for three weeks, because you didn't like to ask our old pal here for it, I've been sending you half-a-dollar to buy the 'Gorgeous Johnson'—and all on my own."

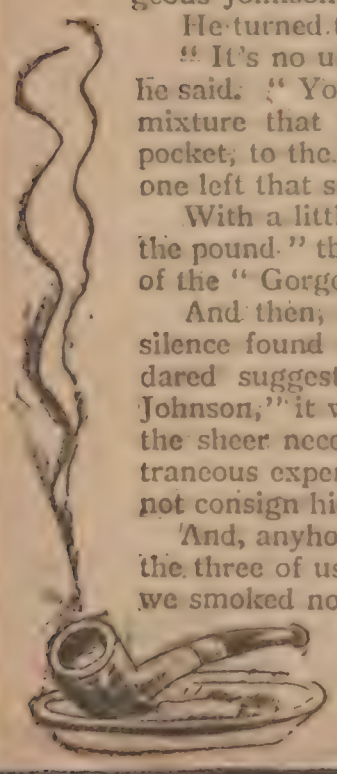
He turned to me with utter scorn.

"It's no use keeping up this kidding game any longer," he said. "You can bring your wretched fourpenny-ha'penny mixture that Stingaree says you carry concealed in your pocket, to the light of day. I know now that I am the only one left that smokes the 'Gorgeous Johnson'!"

With a little relief, I think, because of the "ten shillings the pound" that it cost, he dramatically emptied the remains of the "Gorgeous Johnson" from his pouch on to the road.

And then, when the indignation that had stung me into silence found tongue, and I demanded of Chinnery how he dared suggest that *I* smoked aught but the "Gorgeous Johnson," it was only because Stingaree so skilfully showed the sheer necessity of the weekly five shillings for such extraneous expenses as postage, beer, and laundry that we did not consign him at once to Coventry.

And, anyhow, for weeks after there was bitterness between the three of us. To account for its duration, I may say that we smoked no longer the "Gorgeous Johnson."



BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

F. R. (Windsor).—You do not require a passport for France, but is advisable for Austria, and imperative for every other European country. For most countries a passport properly "viséd" is available year after year, but for Russia a fresh one every twelve months is requisite.

"FORM" (Luton).—Letters signifying distinctions or degrees to which you are entitled should *not* appear on your visiting card.

K. H. (Bedford).—The red bow tied round a hunter's tail is an indication to everyone in the field that the animal is a kicker, and therefore his proximity is to be avoided. The omission to give this warning is considered a breach of hunting etiquette.

"DICK" (Leeds) and **H. C. N.** (Bridgwater).—You can write to the various shipping companies, but read what the Editor says in his Notebook regarding such jobs.

A. W. H. (Chichester).—"The Silver Greyhound" is recognised by officials throughout Europe as the secret badge given by the Foreign Office to the privileged group of gentlemen known as King's Messengers. It is exhibited only in moments of emergency, when it ensures immediate assistance.

"COWBOY" (Rugby).—The amble or lope is a trained pace of the horse much in favour in countries where long journeys have to be made in the saddle. It is produced in the young animal by tying the fore and hind legs, both "near" and "off," to each other in such fashion as to make their simultaneous use imperative. A horse thus trained commands a far higher price than the ordinary trotter.

M. F. (Bath).—A sure way to obtain a light for a pipe or cigarette, is to take off your glove (if leather) and strike the match within it. The warmth from the hand fosters the flame for the time necessary.

F. P. (Bayswater).—If you project a long railway journey at Christmastime, it is advisable to book your seat in advance. For a night journey a rug and pillow can be hired at the station. Do not forget the flask and the sandwiches.

O. B. H. (Manchester).—To obtain a fine polish on new black boots, you may thoroughly rub in the juice of a lemon and allow it to dry. Most soldiers use a raw potato for this purpose, which answers well.

H. A. (Pembroke).—You can obtain the terms of enlistment in various Colonial corps from the agencies of the respective colonies. The actual enlistment of accepted men is local. The medical examination is stiff.

F. C. (Bodmin).—The less coloured paint and enamel on a bicycle the better, especially in your case, when the machine is out every day of the year. Personally, we dislike the gear-case for a man's mount.

"CARUSO" (Blackburn).—You should have no difficulty in getting a voice trial. Apply to the Musical Director, Gaiety Theatre, or any other theatre staging musical comedy.

H. P. (Edinburgh).—"Fanny Adams" is the Navy's name for the Government ration of Australian tinned mutton. It was given because when the first issue was made to the fleet at Melbourne public opinion was excited over the murder of a woman of that name.

"HURRIED DRESSER" (Exeter).—An even slightly frayed collar or cuff is galling. To correct rub lightly with a piece of white wax or a candle, and smooth with a clean handkerchief.

M. T. (Oxford).—The handsome Christmas gift of pheasants and hares made for many years past to the employees of the British Museum has now ceased. The generous donor died this year.

E. M. (Barnstaple).—Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge, London, is the property of the Duchess of Bedford. The rink is, of course, of real ice. The membership is very exclusive.

L. S. (Liverpool).—Sweets are an acceptable gift to youngsters at any time. At Christmas it is quite in etiquette to offer good chocolates to unmarried ladies of any age. There will be no complaints.

J. P. H. (Edge Hill), **G. J.** (Cardiff), **H. A.** (Grimsby), **D. K. Mc C.** (Calcutta), **C. S.** (Strood), **T. C.** (Yeovil), **C. F. G.** (Liverpool).—We thank you.

The £2 a week man

A COMPARISON OF HIS POSITION WITH THAT OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

To the labourer a weekly wage of £2 would mean absolute freedom from care, and yet the man working in an office for that money is continually bewailing his fortune. As a bachelor he finds it by no means easy to make ends meet, but if he is rash enough to marry on this income it means scraping and pinching for both himself and his wife.

Sometimes one finds in popular papers articles by men with such a salary giving details of their expenditure. So many shillings per week are allotted for the payment of rent and rates, so many are spent on food, so much is necessarily devoted to travelling expenses and the man's mid-day meal, but usually there is some essential item of expenditure which is cut out altogether.

Frequently this is the item of dress expenses, and the writer adds a foot-note to his budget saying that he has enough clothes to last him for the next two years, and that by that time he hopes to have an increase in salary, which will enable him to replenish his wardrobe. In many cases this increase never comes.

FEELING COMFORTABLY OFF.

The office-worker on £2 a week never experiences the pleasure of feeling that he is comfortably off. Financial comfort depends not upon actual income, but upon the surplus that remains after expenses have been met, and in this respect the £2 a week office-worker is no better off than the labourer earning a weekly wage of 18s. or £1.

In many respects he is worse off.

The labourer has not to keep up any pretended position. His clothes are few and cheap. They are also strong, and last for years. He does not pay more than half the rent that the clerk pays. His wife spends far less than does the clerk's wife on dress. His wages are small, but his expenses are smaller, and at the end of the week there remains a shilling or two with which he and his wife may patronise a music-hall, or at least a picture-palace.

THE LABOURER'S SOLID POSITION.

The labourer has a solid position in the world. Before he is twenty he is earning an income that is sufficient, from his point of view, to enable him to marry. His wife is satisfied, for the income of her new household is much the same as that of the one she has left. They are working people, without any desire to imitate a class to which they do not belong, and their income is sufficient to enable them to maintain a comfortable and respectable position in their own class.

How different is it with the office-worker on £2 a week. Working clothes, in the sense of labouring clothes, are not for him. He must dress in well-cut lounge suits that are practically identical with those of men earning their thousands a year.

TRUE AND FALSE ECONOMY.

The labourer economises by bringing his mid-day meal with him, but such is not for the clerk. He would feel it derogatory to him to patronise a working-man's restaurant; he must go to a tea-shop, and there economise by the false method of under-feeding.

This growing habit of the office-worker is of the gravest danger to himself and, through him, to the community at large, for his health is undermined.

As a bachelor he manages to rub along, and the economies planned by himself and his sweetheart make it seem possible that things will be equally smooth when married, and he will have what now he lacks—the comfort of married life.

Such is his dream. But is it fulfilled?

The first glamour of wedded happiness disappears. The novelty and stimulating excitement of his new condition passes away, and he and his wife settle down into a staid married couple.

The sacrifices he has made seemed at first of no account, but now he begins to look wistfully back to his bachelor days, when, though never well off, he was at least free from the worries of keeping a growing expenditure within a strictly limited income.

Now he lives and works out his life worried all the time by the need of more money. He is not happy, and his wife is not happy, and, lacking happiness, they lack health, and, therefore, their children, if they have any, are not up to the average standard, either mentally or physically.

That is the real danger to the nation. A new and inferior race is being bred, and already it forms a large section of the population. It consists of people occupying a false and uncomfortable position, people who, on £2 a week, have to appear as if they were getting £5.

On the other hand, men of the working-class, who are content to remain in that class, retain their health and happiness, and are a solid and worthy part of the nation. Often, as skilled mechanics and so forth, they earn an income three times as large as that of the office worker; but they are sensible, and have no ambition to leave the class to which they belong. For that class their income is more than enough to meet every requirement; they are perfectly comfortable and happy, and they bring up their children, not to office-work, but to trades, as their fathers did before them.

MISTAKEN AMBITION.

The reason why men of the working-class take to office-work, or educate their children for it, is because they are stirred by an ambition to be socially superior to the class from which they sprang. That ambition is worthy, provided it be backed up by the talent necessary to make the rise an actual one, and not merely a pretence.

Many a wealthy man has sprung from the labouring classes. He not only had ambition, but had the brains to get the money to gratify that ambition thoroughly. His average imitator, however, lacks these faculties, and he knows that he lacks them. Deliberately, therefore, he joins the ranks of the £2-a-week office-workers, knowing that he is not likely to earn more, and satisfied because he is leaving his own social class for one which he wrongly imagines to be more esteemed, and to be possessed of greater comfort.

A. F. CURTIS.

POINTS FOR CARD PLAYERS.

ELEMENTS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

An expressionless face is usually counted among the card-player's chief assets, and no doubt the possession of a mask-like countenance is useful. Nevertheless, at games into which bluff enters largely, such as poker, it as well to be a bit of an actor.

A muttered exclamation, an ill-checked start of surprise, a sudden gleam in the eyes, are all likely to make your adversaries think that you have four of a kind instead of an ace high.

Similarly, the smothered exclamation of impatience, the air of peevish irritation or of sullen despair, may induce your opponents to bet against you until the cows come home, and you put down a Royal straight flush—which is ace, king, queen, knave, ten of a suit.

Of the value of a good memory, however, there can be no doubt. Indeed, it is one of the principal differences between the good and the bad or indifferent card-player.

A card memory can certainly be developed and cultivated. Beginners usually make the mistake of trying to remember too much. Go easy at the start.

At whist, for example, be content for a beginning to remember the trump card, then add to it the honours in trumps as they come out, and next the honours in plain suits.

Even at games where the fall of the cards is not of much importance, you should use your memory to note other players' mannerisms and peculiarities, for from these you may often glean much useful information. Some men, for example, hesitate when about to finesse, and it is useful to notice this.

A card-player should have a good knowledge of the laws of probability. This is particularly valuable in games like picquet, where you discard and draw fresh cards in the hope of improving your hand. Unless you know what are the exact odds against your drawing any particular card or cards, you do not give yourself a fair chance of improving your hand.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

MAKING A COMPLAINT.

HOW TO DO IT WITHOUT OFFENCE.

One of the circumstances which call for the greatest tact in business is the matter of making complaints. The difficulty is experienced equally by the most minor employee and by the man at the head of a business.

Too often the only sign of resentment which the employee exhibits is surliness and inattention to his duties, which means that he receives notice sooner or later. Sometimes the employee, if he is of a higher type of character, does his work as well as ever, but looks out for some other post, and, when he has found it, resigns.

Neither of these is a wise course. Surly tactics are obviously foolish, but neither is resignation advisable till a third method has been tried, and that is to state your cause of complaint courteously to your employer in order to have it remedied if possible.

Great tact is necessary in doing so. It is usually best not to say that you are dissatisfied, but to secure what you desire by means of a request. You ask for more money, or to be relieved of certain duties, or to be freed from having to work so late, but although you consider you have a right to have your grievance redressed, you say what you have to say in the form of a courteous request, and not in the form of a querulous complaint.

An employer's position with his employees is different so far as most matters of complaint are concerned, for if he objects to this or that he says so at once, and his position of authority prevents offence being taken. It is when his cause of complaint against his employee is a personal matter that his position becomes uncomfortable.

An irritating habit on the part of an employee, such as scratching his head, or continually eating sweets, is a difficult matter for the employer to check, because it is a personal thing and is not directly a matter of business, although it may have an adverse effect upon the employer's temper, and therefore upon his own business capacity.

In such a case as this, great tact is necessary to put matters right without offending the employee, but usually people with irritating habits of that kind have unpleasant ways in other directions, and the best solution of the difficulty is to find someone else.

Complaints between business men of equal standing are just as difficult to deal with. A delivery of goods has not been quite up to standard, and you have to complain, but tact demands that you do so in a manner that shall not be offensive, for the time may come when you may require the firm concerned to turn out a delivery at high speed, or to give you increased credit, or to oblige you in other directions.

Whatever may be one's likes and dislikes, it is a safe rule never to make an enemy in business. The personnel of every trade is more or less limited, and the men you meet in the course of the years you spend in business you are almost sure to meet again, while in these days of quick changes, your relative positions may be very different from what they were. Therefore, however much you may dislike a man, you should not offend him unduly, and it is in the matter of complaints that offence is so often given.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

JAPANESE STOCKS: A WARNING.

Japanese stocks have fallen, and look like falling further, as a poor country like Japan will find it impossible to keep up the expenses of a great power as she is trying to do. Had it not been for the patriotic feeling in this country caused by the alliance, Japan would not have been able to borrow as she has done, and investors who hold these stocks will be well advised to look elsewhere, unless they wish to see their capital depreciate in value.

CANADA'S CREDIT.

It is rumoured in City financial circles that underwriters of the £7,000,000 3½ per cent. Guaranteed First Mortgage Debenture Stock of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway Co. have been "landed" with 89 per cent. of the issue. If this is so—and there is little reason to doubt it—the credit of the Dominion is not so good as some people imagined, as this is really a Canadian Government loan, being guaranteed as to principle and interest by them, and the money cannot be exhausted by the cost of building the railway for many years to come.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

The long-looked-for bonus by the issue of fresh stock has at last fructified, and the issue of $18,000,000 at $150 is announced.

As the issued capital in common shares is at present $180,000,000, and the present price about $250, the bonus is equal to 10 per cent., being one share in ten held.

HOME RAILS.

These have had a good jump on the announcement that men and masters have arrived at a thorough and amicable understanding, and as rates are to be increased and trade is still as good and promising as ever, investors have not only good dividends to look forward to, but every prospect of increased capital value as well.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

P. K. (Gateshead).—You should have had 6d. per share credited to you for rights.

I. H. (Hinckley).—Do not advise any increase in your holding.

M. T. (Mansfield).—Hold Nos. 1, 3, and 6; the others do not appeal to me.

H. F. (Tramore).—Yes, I think the investment would turn out well.

T. C. (Tenby).—The shares were quoted ex dividend on the last account day; consequently you should receive credit in the current account.

L. L. (Dundee).—(1) I do not like the people connected with that concern, and think you would do well to clear at anything like cost. (2) The company seems likely to do well. (3) I hear that the underwriters were landed with some of this issue, but of course it is up to them to make a market to get out, so you may see a profit.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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STILL GROWING.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list*

STOCKPORT (continued).

J. GERRARD, 4, St. Thomas' Place; E. GRUNDEY, Denbgh Farm, Norbury Moor, Hazel Grove; W. GRUNDEY, Norbury Moor, Hazel Grove; C. HAMPSON, 16, Oxford Street, Heaton Chapel; F. HAYWARD, 8, Forester Street, Heaton Norris; S. HEWITT, The Dales, Kettleshulme, Whaleybridge; F. A. HODSON, 19, Wellington Terrace, North Reddish; P. C. HOLDEN, 19, Hooley Range, Heaton Moore; A. D. HULME, 10, Adelaide Road; W. LEE, 8, Borron Street, Portwood; J. MACGOWAN, 41, Belmont Street, Heaton Norris; W. MILLS, Jun., The Horse Shoe, High Lane; T. PATCH, Denbigh Cottage, Norbury Moor; H. PATCH, Denbigh Cottage, Norbury Moor, Hazel Grove; J. H. PEARSON, 3, Queen Street West; T. RICHARDSON, 210, Chestergate; L. RIDER, 47, Stockport Road, Romiley; P. ROYLE, 41, Belmont Street, Heaton Norris; A. SELLERS, 18-20, Bridge Street; T. SUTTON, 123, Wellington Road South; C. TRAVIS, 11, Belfield Road, Reddish; C. W. WATLING, 38, Aberdeen Crescent; F. WILTSHIRE, 23, Victoria Terrace, South Reddish.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

H. ARMSTRONG, 55, Wave Street; W. BROADBENT, 64, Bath Lane; J. W. DIDDAMS, 73, Hampton Road; J. W. ELCOATE, Finkle Chambers; A. W. FOSTER, 84, Parliament Street; R. G. HUDSON, 8, Station Square, Billingham; A. HUDSPETH, 17, Vane Street; G. C. LAIDLER, 11, Craggs Street, Newtown; L. LEADBEATER, 8, Westcotte Street; T. LEIGH, 23, Mill Street; W. MILLER, 47, Ware Street; G. SMITH, 8, North Terrace, Norton Road; B. H. SNOWDON, 12, Ramsgate; J. J. STOUT, 4, Corporation Street; W. SUGDEN, Mill House, Dovecot Street; R. L. WILKINSON, 5, Dorlcote Place, Norton; R. WOOD, Caxton House.

STOKE.—A. FOURTE, 26, Camperdown Street.

STOKE-ON TRENT.

E. BLACKBURN, 28, Regent Road, Fenton; E. BRERETON, 17, High Street, Brindley Ford; S. BUCKLEY, Jun., Scholar Green; L. GATER, 136, Elder Road, Cobridge; S. GROCOTT, 19, James Street, Bolstanton; J. W. JUDD, 6, Dean Street; F. H. KELSON, 70, Liverpool Road; T. J. Lawton, 150, Oxford Road, Basford Park; G. MOSTON, 6, Russell Street, Shelton; R. W. ORCHARDS, 28, Regent Road, Fenton; W. T. PRICE, 131, Congleton Road, Talke; W. RALPHE, "Oaklands," Oak Hill; R. ROWLEYS, 51, Ashford Street, Shelton; F. W. SCOTT, 7, Oxford Road, May Bank; A. TAYLOR, 47, Neville Street, Oakhill; A. THORNTON, Clematis Cottage, Dilhorne; T. WARREN, 94, Spring Road, Normacot, Longton; W. V. WAYTE, 3, Heron Street, Fenton; H. WESTROP, Lamton Hall Lodge, Scholar Green; J. WOOTTON, 5, Napier Street, Kidsgrove.

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H. HOWARD, 36, Admiralty Street; G. A. KNAPMAN, 89, Durnford Street.

STONEHOUSE (Scotland).—D. FINNIE, 5, Market Place.

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—H. V. BLACKFORD, 3, Greenhill Street.

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STROUD.

H. W. ELLIOTT, 56, High Street; E. R. TREMAYNE, Horsley Road, Nailsworth; S. WATTS, 42, Acre Street.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
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9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
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The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d., post free
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 5½d., „ „
Wide ends with ties	2s. 5½d., „ „
Silk mufflers	4s. 11d., „ „

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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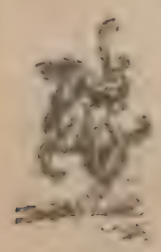

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I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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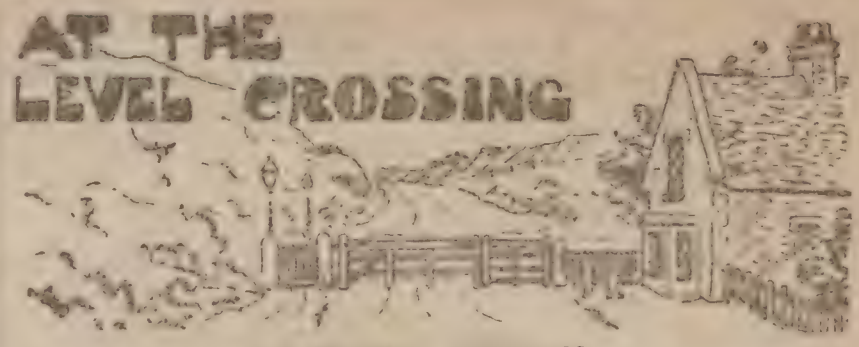


A RURAL SKETCH.

Judging from the traffic that passes through the four long red and white painted gates of the level crossing, it might be supposed that they were on the outskirts of a town of some size.

But this is not the case. The crossing is a very lonely one indeed, far enough from any big village, let alone a town, to be quite uninfluenced by urban or suburban traffic.

It stands in the midst of a wide expanse of many corn fields, heath lands, and pastures.

The true cause of its traffic is that it is the only crossing for a few miles either way, and, consequently, all who wish to get from one side to the other of the barrier formed by the railway must come hither, or do their business in some other way. They cannot cross the line if they are driving, as most people have to about these thinly peopled miles, except by this level crossing.

TRAINS THAT PASS.

The railway happens to be a main one, and there are many trains each way every day. For all that one can see up or down the line, the trains might come out of eternity on one side and disappear into it on the other.

On the top posts, where the gates meet in the middle of the line, there are flaming red lamps at night.

And a servant of the railway company lives beside them in a tiny cottage, whose ceiling, to my knowledge, has more than once been shaken down by the vibration of passing expresses.

For nearly forty years he has been working for "the company," and he is expecting that they will soon tell him to retire, superannuated, though he could go on for many years opening and shutting those gates.

IN DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

He has not always worked at this lonely spot. Years ago he was at a station about twenty-five miles down the line. It was there that, in the service of "the company," he lost the leg which is now replaced by a wooden substitute. "Shunting," he says, if you happen to get on to the subject of accidents, and so to the nearer matter of his own mishap.

Down here at this crossing it seems almost incredible that "the company" should remember their old servant. But he gets his wages weekly, handed to him from a certain passenger train that slows down a little as it passes his cottage, and allows the guard to drop the package into his hand or his garden.

He has other sources of income. His thrifty wife has a reputation for making the finest ginger beer ever tasted in half a county, and "manys the time," she declares, that people have come to her from London and asked her to sell them the secret outright.

PERQUISITES.

Then, too, many of those who use the gates are the "quality," and many a sixpence is thrown to the gateman, or one of his children, when the gates are smartly thrown open and there is no waiting.

The children have a most fetching curtsey, always ready when they hear the jingle of a coin on the ground, and the old keeper's hand flies to his greasy cap—relic of a day when he was a brisk porter.

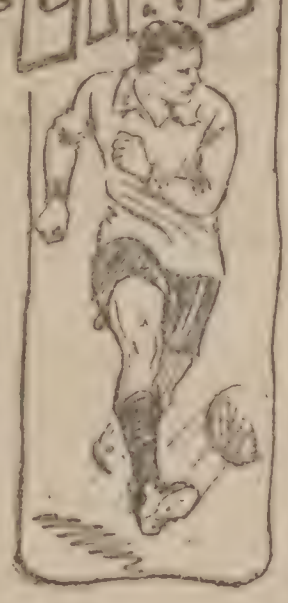
Along the side of the line for a hundred yards there is a flourishing vegetable garden, where potatoes for a year, and other vegetables in season, are grown for the chief support of the inhabitants of the little cottage.

Once a year someone among the "gentry," whose estates are in the neighbourhood, gets up a sort of Christmas-box for the crossing-keeper, and a very handsome sum it is.

Altogether he has a comfortable, if a lonely, time. He has not a care in the world, and most probably in the attic he has a stocking which is much heavier than could be produced by many with ten times his income—and twenty times his expenses.

M. BRUCE.

Play on the Line



AN ARTICLE FOR KEEN WING FORWARDS.

In a nutshell, the main purpose of the wing man is to make ground—and, if only for this reason, he is one of the most important men in the team. Nothing counts in Association football except goals, so that the quicker the ball is rushed along the ground towards the enemy's goal the better, and, as most of us know, the "pill" is invariably manœuvred more quickly on the wing than in the middle of the field.

Now that we have paid our tribute to the importance of the winger, we may proceed to descant on the qualities he should possess.

BEST BUILD FOR A WINGER.

A great many essentially clever wingers are small men, like Jimmy Conlin, whom the writer used to watch with wonderment when he played for Bradford City, and Underwood, who a few years ago used to help the Brentford team to score so many of their goals; but I think I am right in saying that a winger is all the better for being on the big side, for he is so liable to be bustled on the line by hefty halves and backs that a certain amount of brawn and sinew is eminently desirable—provided, of course, that the latter does not stand in the way of a good turn of speed.

The latter characteristic is indeed an essential in a wing forward. He must be the fastest man in the side (with the exception, perhaps, of the backs, who need speed as much as anybody). He must not go in for dribbling so much as for rushing tactics. He has to do less "diddling" of the other side than his inside men. His province is to get the ball and whizz down the field with it, if possible getting as far as the backs before the nearest half can get to him.

TAKING THE BALL TOO FAR.

Now it is here that a great fault is often seen in wingers. They are apt to take the ball too far down the field before centring. They will get past the backs even, and then, when they are almost on the goal line, will send across a so-called "centre" which goes well behind.

I think I shall be in accordance with the views of the majority of experts when I assert that, as a rule, the winger should centre just before getting to the backs.

At the same time, he should "draw" the backs as much as possible before middling, so as to give his inside men a more open field. Remember that the insides always have a better chance of scoring by reason of their being squarer with the mouth of the goal.

A selfish winger is an abomination. He will probably put in a splendid run, possibly along almost the entire length of the field, and then spoil by running in a gigantic semi-circle so as to attempt a shot "on his own." In nine cases out of ten he fails, whereas if he had put in a quick centre, some other forward probably would have been in a position to score with ease.

THE LONG CROSS KICK.

Another great point in clever play on the wing is an occasional long cross kick right across to your opposite winger after you have managed to draw all the defence to yourself.

Ability to "back-kick" is useful for a winger, especially if he is a little on the small, light side. If he finds himself barged on the line by a heavier opponent, he can sometimes slip the ball back to one of his own halves, with a deft jump over it and a touch of the heel.

Corner-kicks generally fall nowadays to the lot of the wing-forward, and here he should remember that he is not shooting at goal. He is simply placing the ball so as to allow another of his side to shoot if possible. He should not drop it too near goal, for fear it should fall behind. Place it between six and ten yards out.

C. T. Greigson.

UNIQUE SMOKING COMPETITION.

With Mr. Dumphreys in the chair, the Rotherhithe Town Hall was crowded to overflowing on a recent evening, to witness and take part in a smoking competition organised by Messrs. R. and J. Hill, Ltd.

The chairman called upon Mr. Daw (R. and J. Hill, Ltd.) to briefly state the conditions of the competition, after which each man's pipe was examined by the stewards to see that the same was perfectly clear, and 1-8oz. of Hill's Fine Shag distributed to each competitor. Each pipe was carefully loaded, and the majority of smokers doubtless bore in mind the statement made by Mr. Daw that the secret, if any, of making the tobacco last well was to fill the pipe carefully.

The great majority kept going for forty-five to fifty minutes. Twenty-nine were still smoking at the hour, and the greatest excitement prevailed as each one fell out, until twenty were left, whom the chairman stated were all prize winners. Eventually the competitors narrowed down to two. The pipe of one eventually went out at exactly one and three-quarter hours, leaving the other the first winner, who smoked for one hour and forty-seven minutes.

EVILS OF CHEAP "FAGS."

The military authorities are finding the cigarette problem a difficult one, and in connection with the fact that increasing numbers of Territorials are in the habit of smoking large quantities of cigarettes, a notice has recently been issued to the units in the Northern Command.

To counteract the evil effects produced by the smoking of inferior cigarettes, the men are to a large extent making their own cigarettes, using a reliable brand of mild tobacco and rolling it in a good cigarette paper—such as the "A. G." brand. By this means the wrapper containing chemicals and the inferior quality tobacco is avoided, and such cigarettes would not cost any more than the cheap fags complained of. If this practice is taken up generally, we should hear very little in future of heart troubles and physical breakdowns among young soldiers.

FOOTBALL.

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Mention this paper, and we will send you a sample packet FREE OF COST of our famous FOOTBALL WHIFF CIGARETTES.

Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. Saturday.

EVERY MATCH TO CHOOSE FROM IN THE FOUR LEAGUES.

Lotinga's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."

The Editor of the *Racing Judge*, October 7th, says: "A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday."

Football Chat, November 22, says: "Established firms of repute such as Messrs. White, Fisher, and Co., conduct their business with a scrupulous fairness and impartiality that could well provide an object-lesson to many commercial houses."

THE SPORTING TIMES

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THE LAW-BREAKING OF SELBY.—*(Continued from page 428)*

to give you an opportunity of taking the final step—if it comes to the necessity?"

"Yes."

"It's a big responsibility—to make a man the indirect medium of another man's death."

"I couldn't do anything else, sir," whispered Carpenter. "Indeed I couldn't!"—and he made a gesture at once weak and tragical.

Richard, in silence, knocked off the ash from the point of his cigarette.

"It's an unholy mess," he said. "No doubt about that! You understand perfectly, Carpenter, that I can't run the risk of being your moral murderer?"

"What do you mean by that, sir? You wouldn't inform on me?"

"Tut!" said Richard, in contemptuous dismissal of the idea.

He gazed contemplatively at the ash which had fallen on the ground—weighing the pros and cons of a project which might in its consequences affect him vitally. Momentarily he tightened his lips. Then he looked up with a quickening of energy.

"You must bolt," he said. "This case is too dangerous for you. I'll help you. I can't have you dabbling with this fool-idea of suicide. You must cut and run, and the sooner the better."

"They'll have their eye on me."

"Leave everything to me. I want your word that, given a fair run, you'll take it—and if you fail you'll go through the mill. Your honourable word, Carpenter, between man and man."

There was a contortion of the man's face, which told how precious had been the idea to him. But he gave the pledge, and his eyes grew calmer.

"Then go on working here for the next few days—just as if nothing had happened. In a week or so you shall be out of the country and bound for a place where you'll take some finding—fortune only favouring us."

"You know, sir, you can get into trouble for being an accessory after the fact?"

"I know all about it, Carpenter."

"And you'll take the risk—do all this for me—never expecting anything out of it—and all because I'm a man in deep waters of trouble? I'm not worthy, sir—I'm not worthy. . . ."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Richard, gravely. "There's a law above law, my friend—the law of humanity: and each of us is called upon to observe it sometimes."

"I can't even thank you at all, sir. I don't know why you should do it for *me*."

"Perhaps I like you," said Richard, smiling. "That's good enough reason for any man."

So it happened that at the sessions, when the case was called, William Carpenter, the accused, was missing. And Richard, whose facial control was excellent, betrayed no surprise—nor chagrin at the forfeited bail.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

Those readers who have not yet sent for some of our amusing and highly artistic postcards should do so to-day. They are entirely free of charge. Send a stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall forward you a supply at once.

SPORTING STORIES

GROSSMITH'S REASON.

Once while Mr. George Grossmith was glancing through an hotel's visitors' book he discovered the name of a well-known siffleuse, followed by the statement "I whistle because I must."

Beneath it he wrote: "I sing because I can't.—George Grossmith."

A WISE CHOICE.

Above their heads, in the room where little Tommy lay in bed after his surfeit of mince-pies, there sounded a wail. Mrs. Higginbotham looked at Mr. Higginbotham.

"There's Tommy woken up," she said. "Go and smack him, Augustus." Augustus mildly declined, suggesting that *she* should perform the little ceremony.

"No," she said. "The child's half yours. *You* go."

"The child is half mine, certainly," he said, but added with decision, "I choose the half that doesn't have to be smacked."

HE DID IT.

Griggs had been invited by his friend Pugsby to spend the Christmas holiday on board a little sailing yacht owned by the latter. Griggs accepted, and readily agreed to make himself generally useful. That, however, was before he got on board, and found the beastly boat wobbling about. Then he felt he didn't want to do anything except expire in peace.

Pugsby was struggling with the mainsail and wanted assistance.

"Heave ho!" he shouted; and Griggs looked up with gentle dignity.

"You know perfectly well," he said, "that my name is not Ho; but I am going to do it."

And he leaned over the side.

TOOK THE BISCUIT.

Marmaduke MacRanter, the most famous player of Hamlet (in his own estimation), had not had an opportunity of showing his talent in public for many moons. Hence his exchequer was meagre and his apparel the worse for wear. His mobile face, too, had evidently been a stranger to soap and water for some time.

Marmaduke was hungry, but the quail, attractively ensconced on a throne of toast, was not for him. He decided to partake of some cheese and a Bath Oliver biscuit, the latter a great favourite of his. He entered a tiny restaurant.

"I want," he began, rather nervous at the thought of his small order, "a Bath Oliver. . . ."

The waiter drew himself up with dignity.

"I'll 'ave you know, sir," he said coldly, "that my name is not Oliver!"

ONE OF MANY.

"Battling Burley. Professor of the Fistic Art. Lessons Given to the Nobility and Gentry. Enquire Within." read the card stuck up in the dingy window of the even dingier house in the Soho side street. Bertie Fitznoodle gazed at it listlessly for a second or two, until his eyes suddenly glistened. He had been struck with an idea.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "Hanged if I don't take some lessons, and give a hiding to that fat fool that's after my Gladys!"

So he went inside, arranged terms, and was soon having a pair of gloves put on him by Battling Burley.

"This, sir," said the latter, "is the solar plexus punch," and a minute or so after Bertie got up from the floor.

"I say," he asked, softly, "is it really necessary to knock me down like that?" The professor smiled proudly.

"Oh, dear no, sir!" he said. "I'll show you lots of other ways!"

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

FUR COATS.

Few of us can afford to buy them, but at this season of the year they are sometimes thrust upon us.

Christmas of 1907, I remember, brought me a large and mysterious package, which on being opened revealed a splendid fur coat—fur outside and inside—a gift from an aunt of mine. Of course I was grateful to the dear old soul, but that coat has been a regular white elephant to me. I don't motor, and I rarely go long railway journeys in winter, these being about the only occasions when one could wear such a coat in this country without exciting vulgar comment and ridicule.

Why don't I sell or change the coat? Because my relative expects me to go to see her in it every Christmas, and I don't want to offend her.

Even if you don't have a fur coat given you, however, you may have the means of getting one put in your possession. On the whole it is a mistake for a young man to wear a fur coat, unless he is a motorist or lives at a seaside town all the year round, when he will probably need not one but two fur coats lined preferably with chilled steel armour plating.

Few men look well in fur coats, and still fewer young men can carry one off.

THE QUIETER KINDS.

However, if your fancy is a fur coat, let me advise a dark blue Melton or Chesterfield with beaver collar and cuffs and lined with such fur as you can afford. This is an unostentatious coat, but unless the fur lining is detachable it will not be of much use to you on most days of the year.

A dark grey coat with black Astrachan collar and cuffs is the quietest of all fur coats, and my advice is to have it unlined with fur.

PERILS OF THE FUR COAT.

Before leaving the seasonable subject of the fur coat, I may point out that it is a garment with especial perils of its own.

It tends to bounderise and vulgarise any but the most gentlemanly and distinguished looking. There is a risk of your becoming a slave to your fur coat.

I knew a journalist once who rendered some service to a firm of furriers. They were grateful, and presented him with a handsome fur coat. They could have done him no greater unkindness. He not only wore the coat on all "possible" occasions, but also on many most impossible ones, such as broiling hot days in July and August. This sort of thing got him laughed at and disliked.

From having been a fairly prosperous man — for a journalist—he is now wandering about homeless and without boots, though he still clings to the tattered and moth-eaten remnant of his fur coat, which is almost his sole covering.

The expense of a fur coat does not end with buying it. You have to live up to it. Tradesmen automatically clap on fifty per cent. to their prices when they see a fur-coated customer approaching, and waiters expect lavish tips.

Finally, when you are not wearing your coat, you are haunted by the fear of its being stolen, or of the moths getting at it.

Altogether, the fur coat is an overrated article of attire —for this country, at least.

SAGGING POCKETS.

Frequently one observes that the side pockets of a man's jacket have sagged down, until, instead of being straight across, the mouth of the pocket bulges outwards in a curve.

The cause of this is that the man has misused his pockets

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by carrying heavy things in them, or by pressing down in them with his hands.

A man's hands are awkward things, and nothing is more natural than that he should at times thrust his hands into the side pockets of his jacket; but when he does so he should be careful not to press them down heavily upon the edges of the pockets, for it is this that puts them out of shape.

In the old days, when overcoat pockets were cut horizontally, we found this same sagging with them, but that trouble has been removed in the case of overcoats by the introduction of vertical pockets.

BREECHES v. TROUSERS AT GOLF.

It is an old question, but one debated all the year round, and just now the knickerbocker brigade are sneering at the trouserites and asking them how they like the cold, cold wind blowing up their shanks; but the trouserites are not abashed, and answer that as they wear proper underclothing —which the knickerbockers cannot do without looking as if they padded their legs—the wind does not trouble them at all. Further, they say that their trousers keep their legs drier and safer from thorns than breeches and stockings, while they are not nearly so much trouble to change.

As to the question of utility, I think it is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

So far as appearance goes, I think that breeches win easily.

THE TIES FOR FANCY VESTS.

Fancy vests are not being worn so much now as they were last year, but during the cold weather one always sees a good many of them, particularly of the Tattersall check variety, and very comfortable they are.

While a man is wearing a fancy vest of a fairly loud pattern, he should let it remain the principal note of colour in his get up, and the tie he wears should therefore be a quiet one.

A black tie will go well with any sort of fancy vest, but when you run to colours there is always a risk that your tie may clash with the vest.

The other day I saw a man wearing a brown Tattersall vest, which had thin lines of dark green running up and across it. His tie was dark green of the exact colour of these lines, and tie and vest went extremely well together. When you can secure a happy combination like this, well and good; but if you have any doubt you are always safe with a black tie.

MEDALS IN MUFTI.

A correspondent wishes to know the rules in regard to the wearing of medals by civilians. He explains that he formerly served with various irregular forces, earned three medals, but is now in civilian life and has no uniform to wear.

There is no rule against his wearing his medals any or every day he likes. On the other hand, there are certain occasions when, as a loyal citizen, he ought to sport his medals, for example, the King's birthday, and any public gathering at which Royalty or Royalty's representative is present.

Medals should also be worn at any function of a Government or municipal nature. Then my friend should wear his medals at a reception or ball given by his local major in his official capacity, but it would be most incorrect to wear them at a Covent Garden ball.

My correspondent should further wear his medals in mufti when invited to dine at a regimental mess or to any military entertainment, provided that in the latter case his hosts will be in uniform. I mean that medals would be out of place at a military garden party, but would be correct at a regimental ball.

As to the wearing of medals on civilian clothes, they may be worn either on the waistcoat with the coat open, or on the outside of the coat buttoned.

As civilian clothing is not cut, and does not button on the same lines as uniform, it is not easy to wear medals in mufti in the precise position prescribed by the Dress Regulations. Medals, however, should be worn high up on the left breast, the medal first earned being on the right, others in order of seniority.

The Sovereign's head, which is on one side of every medal, must always be outermost.

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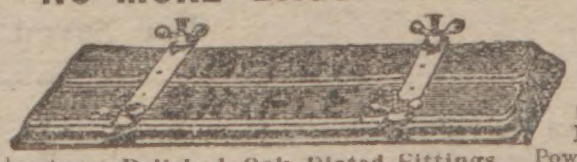

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